

The AMERICAN GIRL

September
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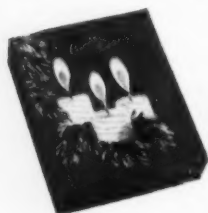
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by MARJORIE CINTA

Behold Your Queen! By GLADYS MALVERN. Longmans, Green, \$2.50.

The power, the grandeur, the unlimited wealth of Persia was being displayed before the princes and potentates of the whole world. It was then the beautiful Queen Vashti refused to obey the command of her king to appear before him at the royal banquet. With the whole world watching, how could the powerful King Ahasuerus condone such an insult? On the advice of his ministers he caused it to be written among the immutable laws of the Medes and the Persians that Vashti come no more before the king. Then, urged by his ministers, Ahasuerus permitted them to appoint officers in every province of his vast empire to search out the fairest maidens and bring them to him at his alabaster palace in Shushan. The one most pleasing to the king should be queen. At that time Hadassah (Esther in the Persian tongue), the lovely and gracious niece of the Jewish scribe, Mordecai, was seventeen. This is the story of how she was chosen as the candidate of Babylon, of her year of waiting and training with four hundred other girls in the Palace of the Women at Shushan; of how she won the heart of the handsome young king and by her wit and charm saved her people from destruction at the hands of Haman, the wicked and crafty prime minister who hated Jews. After painstaking research not only into the period but into the story as it is told in the Bible and other ancient works, Gladys Malvern has turned this fascinating tale into a rich and vital novel of ancient Persia. Against a background of fabulous Eastern luxury, she makes vivid the simple sincerity, the courage and charm of Esther; the suspense and drama of the royal romance and the prime minister's prejudice and intrigue.

Mystery at Hurricane Hill. By JACK BECHDOLT. E. P. Dutton & Company, \$2.50. Paula had been called home from college and given the frightening but challenging job of running the inn at Hurricane Hill while its owner, hard-working, indomitable Aunt Fanny, who had brought Paula up, was in the hospital. But that was only the beginning of her worries. She discovered that the yardman Aunt Fanny had hired by mail was the very same nervous young man in dark glasses who had attracted Paula's attention on the train by his mysterious actions. Why was such an obviously well-educated young man cheerfully performing the duties of a yardman at Hurricane Hill? Why didn't his name correspond to the initials on his expensive luggage? Why was he so evasive about himself and his past? Who was the blond girl in the handsome convertible he met secretly in town?

These were disturbing questions for a girl who, in spite of herself, was becoming more and more attracted to the young man and more and more dependent on his help and advice. Matters came to a climax in the midst of a hurricane when a telephone call warned Paula that one of her guests was wanted by the State Police. And then the phone went dead before Paula heard the name of the criminal! This is an entertaining mystery with a surprise ending.

Betty Cornell's Glamour Guide for Teens. By BETTY CORNELL. Prentice-Hall, \$2.95. All of you who are not dreaming of actually becoming models, probably wish you looked, walked, dressed like one. The author of this book, who is now a successful teen-age model, writes that at fifteen she was fat, with thick legs and an oversized waistline. To become a model she had to make herself over. In the process, she acquired the practical know-how of good looks, grooming, and personality, which she passes on to you in this book. The chapters include sensible advice for the too fat or too thin; what to do about skin troubles; care of the hair, hairdos, permanents; what to do and not to do in make-up; tips on good grooming; how to choose becoming clothes; pointers on developing your own personality; hints on how to make money; and a description of the training that enables models to look so straight and tall, walk and stand gracefully, dance and photograph well. These routines may not make you a model, says the author, but she guarantees they will make you prettier and more popular, if you practice them faithfully.

Dark Sunshine. By DOROTHY LYONS. Harcourt Brace and Company, \$2.50.

Pale, listless, leaning on crutches made necessary by a recent attack of polio, Blythe Hyland asked herself despairingly how she could bear life in her new home on an Arizona ranch. Horse lover that she was, she had yearned for years for her family to return to a ranch and it had happened now when it could mean only added misery to her. Then something about Blind Man's Pocket, a distant grassy valley cut off from the rest of the ranch, drew her so strongly she determined to ride again. When finally she achieved Blind Man's Pocket, she saw the horse of her dreams, a magnificent wild mare she christened Sunny. How to get the mare out, how to gentle and train her became absorbing problems for a girl on crutches. But once Blythe woke up to the fact that neither a weak leg nor a pair of crutches need stop her if she wanted anything hard enough, she never again let them stand in her way. If she couldn't do a thing one way, she ingeniously figured out another. Horse lovers will dote on all the details of her schooling of the wild mare. Blythe had another love almost as deep as that for Sunny—a love for music. She had a strong, sweet voice but where would the money come from for training? With infinite patience, dogged hard work, and tenacious courage, together she and Sunny tackled that problem in a highly exciting fashion. Even if you are one of the apparently very few readers of the magazine who have a take-them-or-leave-them attitude toward horses, you will enjoy this engrossing story of a girl and her horse. If you are one of our legion of horse fans, you probably are well acquainted with this author's fine horse stories. THE END



A Word to the Wise Teen-Timer...

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The AMERICAN GIRL

FOR ALL GIRLS—PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY GIRL SCOUTS OF THE U.S.A.

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1951

FICTION

The Boathouse Mystery (Part I)	Chesley Kahmann 9
The Red Coat	Florence M. Davis 12
"There's More Than One Way—"	Amy Sprague 18

NONFICTION

Laboratory Girl	Betty Peckham 14
"Be Prepared": Sew—Save—Serve!	Joan Porter 16
Your Own Recipe Exchange (Meats)	Judith Miller 22

FASHION AND GOOD LOOKS

Prize Purchase	23
Forecast: Windy and Cold	24
Newsmaker Sweaters 'n Skirts	25
Believe It or Not . . . It's Rayon!	26
Accent on Charcoal	27
Classroom Classics (Patterns)	28
Let's Face It	Margaret Bell 30
Teen Shop Talk	Jonni Burke 32

FEATURES

Books	Marjorie Cinta 3
By You (Contributors' Department)	20
A Penny for Your Thoughts	34
Indian Moons	Craven Griffith 35
All Over the Map	46
Tips for Thespians	Oleda Schrottky 48
Speaking of Movies	Bertha Jancke Lueck 51
Jokes	56

Cover Kodachrome by Ralph M. Baxter

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SEPTEMBER COVER GIRL



Brenda Gahan, our September Cover Girl, tells us that after a busy summer, spent fishing and swimming, she will welcome the glamour of new fall fashions. She chooses a rich new color "wood violet" in a dress by Dell Tween, of fine wale corduroy that looks like velvet. Trimmed with brilliant rhinestones, it has a front panel that curves into deep pockets, a tiny collar on a trim, high neckline, and an inverted-pleat skirt. Short batwing sleeves are cuffed. Also available in gold, jade green, and cinnamon. Subteen sizes 8 to 14. This is an exceptional value at just under \$11. Order it from the stores listed on page 58. Bracelet by Coro. Chen Yu's "Singing Copper" lipstick and nail polish.

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VOLUME XXXIV

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NUMBER 9



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2. In the powder room I tell my troubles to Nan's visiting cousin, the dreamiest-looking girl ever! . . . "Relax," she comforts me. "You can learn the secret of having lots of the right clothes on little money! By football time, you'll dazzle every boy in class!"



3. "One boy's enough," I gasp. "Just Bill! What's the secret?" She beams. "Learn to make your own clothes! At a SINGER TEEN-AGE DRESSMAKING COURSE. I did! Look, I made this while I was learning. It's so simple the way SINGER teaches."

4. Next morning, I run, not walk, to our SINGER SEWING CENTER. I start right away, and is it heavenly! Look at this, my very first "production." I made it during the course, while I learned cutting, stitching, all about patterns, even styling! Bill says it's "neat"! I'm planning to make a whole closetful of pretties, even on my allowance!

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The Boathouse Mystery

by CHESLEY KAHMANN

Illustrated by Nina Albright

With a penetrating shriek, Nero made for the Fosters' cat at airplane speed

Beginning a two-part story of stealth and danger in the night woods

IT WAS EARLY morning on a Saturday in January, and bitter cold. But the four members of the investigating committee from the junior class, bundled up like Eskimos, were trudging along a narrow road through the dense woodland on the edge of town as if it were spring.

"It's the slickest idea of the century," said Dick Huston, class president. "When the news leaks out, it'll knock the town dead." Then, lest he appear too complimentary or gullible, he turned to Gail McCune, originator of the idea, with a

warning: "If there's a catch, your name will be mud."

It did seem preposterous, Gail admitted, but it was true. People were to be allowed to skate on old Wes Slater's lake. And because of her. Not only that, but Wes had given the juniors of Mumford High exclusive permission to use his boathouse during his absence. He had even written it down on paper, apparently realizing that no one would believe it otherwise. The boathouse keys were in Gail's pocket.

In October, old Wes had broken his

leg, and he still could not get around well enough to do all his work. His doctor, Gail's father, had finally persuaded him to visit his sister in California until spring.

In class meeting the day before, Gail had suggested that the juniors raise the money for the customary junior gift to the school, as well as finance the Junior Prom next May, by using the boathouse as a refreshment canteen and a place for skaters to rest and get warm. She had been given a tremendous ovation. The skating season might last for weeks if cold

weather continued, and the revenue could be terrific.

Dick had looked at her from his place on the platform as if he were seeing her true worth for the first time.

He had lived across the street from her all his life. For months she had considered him someone very special, but the feeling had been one-sided. During the past two or three weeks, however, he had seemed more disposed to specific friendship. Several times instead of whistling for his dog, which was always wandering, he had come over to her yard himself to get the animal, and he had remained to talk. And so, when he had looked at her so gratefully at the meeting for ending the talk about bake sales and personal assessments with her boathouse suggestion, she had felt that from now on things between her and Dick might be going to progress.

But then Bill Norton had brought the class down to earth with some perfectly reasonable questions. Why, of a sudden, was old Wes so generous and kind? Even though Gail's father had doctored Wes's broken leg, even though Gail had given Wes the turkey poster, how had she gained such fantastic permission?

Once, when Gail had driven out with her father, she had seen Wes' pet turkey, Nero—a handsome if loud and raucous creature. Wes had allowed her to use Nero as a model for a Thanksgiving poster for school, providing she gave him the drawing after it had served its purpose. So she had gone out several times to sketch, always taking some raw oatmeal, which the turkey loved, or some lettuce, which Wes never bought. For Gail, Nero had changed from a mere model to a personality. And she had come to know Wes better. She had discovered that aside from his land, the only thing he really loved in all the world was that turkey. Wes had seen how much she liked Nero, and how much Nero liked her. She had discovered that she was fond of Nero, too. So, when Wes had said he would not go to California, even for his health, because he could neither take Nero with him nor leave him in just anybody's care, it had seemed natural to Gail to say that she would care for Nero herself.

"I'll pay you well," Wes had offered gratefully.

"I wouldn't think of it," Gail had answered.

Then she had thought of the boathouse and the lake, and the juniors' need for money. Would he permit people to skate on the lake in his absence, she had asked, and could the juniors use the boathouse for a canteen? At first he had barked an indignant no. Then he had wavered and finally given permission, almost as if he had suddenly considered the juniors good watchdogs for his property.

The juniors feared there must be something wrong with the boathouse, for why would anyone in his right mind make such a deal if the boathouse amounted to anything? Maybe it was full of trash, unsuitable for a canteen. Gail had looked it over, but nobody would take her word for it. So Dick had appointed an investigating committee—Bill Tucker, Gail, Trudy Smith, and himself.

"Even saying we could skate sounds fishy when you think it over," Bill said now.

Gail knew what Bill meant. Always before, just stepping on Wes' property had meant exposing oneself to almost anything. Once Wes had caught two boys cutting through his woods, and he had shown them a hidden fox-trap, asking how they would like to get caught in that. The story had spread that Wes trapped for boys, not animals. Wes had made the boys work all the rest of the day cleaning out his henhouse, as the price for not reporting them to their parents or the police.

Nobody had dared to swim or fish in his lake, or go near it in winter. Wes could hear the clank of ice skates for miles, the legend ran. His excuse was that he cut ice from his lake and feared somebody might fall in, but everybody knew that he just plain did not want anybody on his land.

Nor was it only the younger generation that he barred. He had caused at least five grown men to lose their hunting licenses for trespassing. People knew now that he meant business and kept away from his farm as if it were poison.

So when Bill said it seemed fishy that mere affection for a turkey had changed Wes into a benefactor of the junior class, Gail could only say, "Well, wait until you see the turkey yourself!"

"Just so it's on the up-and-up about the boathouse," said Trudy.

As they rounded another bend in the road, they saw the glassy surface of Wes' lake shining below them.

"Boy, oh boy!" Bill exclaimed with feeling.

The unpainted boathouse, with its outside stairway, was even more impressive. Part of the building jutted out over the lake with a large, square, platform dock in front. It was covered with No Trespassing signs, one offering a five-hundred-dollar reward for information leading to the capture of any malicious trespasser.

Gail unlocked and opened the large, creaking door on the dock, revealing an immense room containing sawdust and huge cakes of ice.

"And then there's an upstairs," she explained, locking the icehouse door. "But you have to go outdoors to get there."

They climbed the outdoor stairway, and Gail unlocked the door at the top. Plainly awed, the juniors entered.

"It's—just perfect!" Trudy said. "Because it's so bare, there's so much room!"

On one side, three rowboats and a canoe were hoisted up above the floor by pulleys and ropes. They looked like lifeboats on the side of a ship. But they were well out of the way, as were the neatly arranged poles and nets and fishing tackle.

Dick lifted the lids of the old-fashioned range.

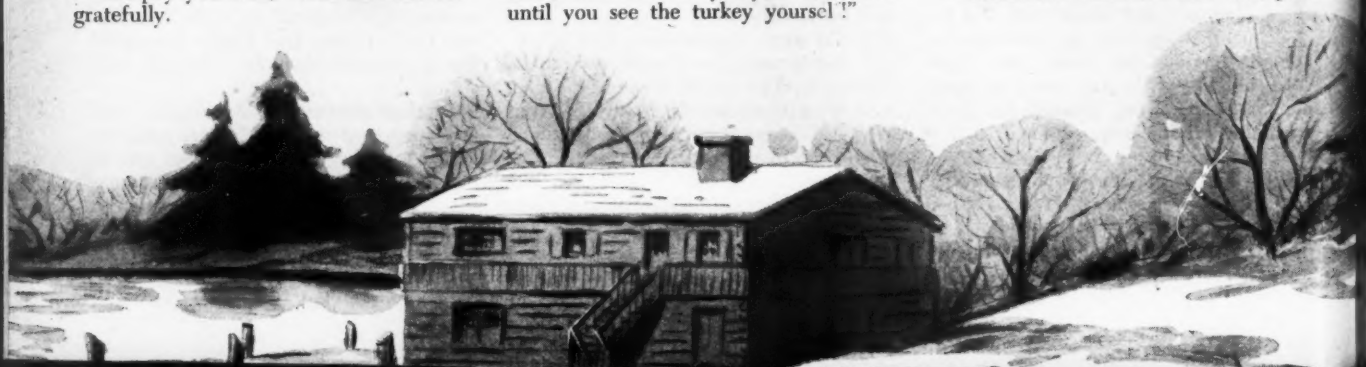
"Looks usable, all right," he said. "In fact, there are old ashes still in it."

There were two chairs and a table on which were a few dirty dishes and an iron skillet. In one corner, contained within boards, was a heap of coal. The floor was filthy.

But it was perfect, the juniors agreed. They could beg dishes and pots and pans from their families, and collect chairs and tables from attics. Certainly the boys taking manual training could make simple things like shelves for food and dishes.

"We'll need money for lumber and incidentals," Dick said. "But that should be easy," he added. Everyone would gladly lend his allowance up to the

She grabbed Dick's arm and pointed. "Someone's there!" she whispered



hilt until things got started. When profits rolled in, the loans would be repaid.

"Look!" Bill had raised a window overlooking dock and lake. "We could rig up a pulley sort of affair and let food down to any customers who don't want to take their skates off."

There were so many possibilities, nobody knew which to consider first. The next hour passed in a flash. Before they knew it, it was a quarter of ten. Gail had to call for the turkey no later than ten because Wes was taking a noon train.

Locking the boathouse, they headed for Wes' house, a quarter of a mile through the woods.

Dick, walking beside Gail, said admiringly, "You certainly had a brainstorm when you dreamed up this slick ideal!"

Gail thought the definite intimacy in his tone more important than the compliment.

"Now, look," she told the group, trying to hide from Dick how pleased she was, "when we arrive at Wes', everybody start talking to the turkey. As if he were a person, understand?"

"For crying out loud!" exclaimed Bill.

"At least show reasonable interest," Gail said, explaining that the turkey, terribly spoiled by Wes, had a mean streak but never showed it if people kowtowed a little.

"Do we kneel or simply bow?" Dick asked.

"Just talk."

As they neared Wes' house, they were startled by a sudden, ear-splitting screech. A huge turkey, beating his powerful (Continued on page 52)



THE *Red Coat.*



WAITING her turn in the dressing room off the high school stage, Janey Blair belted the bright-red coat about her slim waist and peered at herself in the mirror. The light was not good—the overhead bulb appeared to be burned out—but she could see well enough to be pleased with her reflection. “What a difference the right clothes make!” she murmured. She turned up the collar and pivoted slowly, almost dislocating her neck in an effort to see the back. It was a lovely, lovely coat! But it was not for Janey Blair, unless a miracle should take place. Maybe she had misread the price tag. No, there it was—\$45—as plain as plain. Janey sighed.

A knock at the outside door made her jump.

“Come in,” she called. The door opened promptly, framing a tall boy with wide shoulders and a crest of crisp copper-colored hair.



by FLORENCE M. DAVIS

Illustrated by Stephanie

It was a lovely, lovely coat. But was it the coat for Janey Blair?

"Excuse me," he said, cheerfully. "I hear you need a new light bulb in here."
"We certainly do," Janey told him. "Are you the school electrician?"

He laughed at her question as he reached up easily and replaced the burnt-out bulb. "No, I'm not an electrician, but I know enough to screw in a light bulb. I happened to be in the library when the janitor said a bulb was wanted here. He was busy, so I offered to bring it down." He relaxed against the door and regarded Janey approvingly.

"My name's Bob Emery—Rusty most of the time. Of course, you couldn't guess why." He grinned so infectiously Janey found herself smiling, too.

"This South Portland High is a nice new school," she told him. "Do you go here?"

"Yup. My last year. We had the day off today, because the Farm Bureau is having some kind of a jamboree here. Where do you go to school? I'm sure I've never seen you around here."

"Westbrook High," Janey told him. "Our sewing class in Home Ec had the day off, too, so the teacher could bring us to the Farm Bureau meeting. It takes in the whole county, I think. It's something about fashion trends, and there's a style show connected with it. That's why I'm here. I'm modeling this coat."

"It sure is a sharp outfit," Rusty said. "I didn't know gals came to Farm Bureau meetings," he went on, seeming loath to go. "My mother belongs to the chapter in Portland. I thought it was mostly older women—housewives and such."

"I wouldn't know," answered Janey. "I only moved to Maine this summer. There are quite a lot of kids from sewing classes here, though. The stores lend the clothes for the style show. I was asked only a few minutes ago to fill in for a girl who hasn't shown up."

"You haven't told me your name," Rusty said.

Janey had opened her mouth to answer when the door to the stage opened, and a woman, stylishly clad in black, looked in. She seemed surprised when she saw Rusty, but all she said was, "your turn, Janice."

Janey straightened the folds of the coat and started up the stairs, throwing an apologetic glance over her shoulder at Rusty. The loud-speaker was droning, "Our last model is a winter coat for the teen-ager, lent by the Bronson Toggery Shop, and priced at \$45." Janey wished she could have told Rusty her name. He had mouthed, "See you after?" but she couldn't even reply to that, for she was coming into view of the hall packed with interested women.

Her heart was thudding—whether from nervousness or excitement she could not have told—but she turned slowly about on the stage as the models before her had done, descended three steps, walked up the center aisle and down the side aisle. Her meeting with Rusty had brought a becoming flush into her cheeks. With her smooth, gleaming hair, the color of ripe wheat, and her shining, dark-blue eyes she made a pretty picture, and she was innocently enjoying the murmurs of approbation which came to her ears.

Clothes make *such* a difference, she thought again wistfully, as she made her exit through the door on the opposite side of the stage from which she had entered.

Confusion engulfed her. The girls who had preceded her were changing back into their own clothes, and gathering up their belongings, while the woman who had directed the style show was moving about among them, distractedly trying to gather up the borrowed clothing before it got trampled underfoot. The meeting was over now, and Janey could hear the scraping of chairs and a rising crescendo of voices. She opened the door a crack and peeked out. Would Rusty really be waiting? She could never hope to get through that mob. She glanced at the clock on the wall. It was four twenty, and the bus for Westbrook left at four thirty!

She took off the red coat carefully and turned it over to the director. Then hurriedly buttoning herself into her old blue plaid—well, not so old really; it had been new for her sister Lois two years ago—and regretting that she could see no way to further her brief acquaintance with Rusty Emery, she let herself out the side door and raced for the bus stop.

Breathless, she made the bus, with only seconds to spare, and was gratified to find the girls had saved her a seat. She squeezed herself in beside plump Sally Warner, her heart warmed by even this slight gesture of friendliness. It made

her feel a bit less of an outsider—a feeling which had persisted during the six weeks since the Blairs had moved from Massachusetts to this suburb of Portland and she had enrolled at Westbrook High as a junior.

Presently Sally got off, saying, "Bye—see you tomorrow in Math," and Janey fell back on her thoughts.

It had been a surprisingly nice day. She had looked forward to the trip into Portland as a pleasant variation from the regular school routine, but the chance to model the coat and the meeting with Rusty Emery—those had been unexpected bonuses. Her thoughts dwelt on him with regret. She wondered if she would ever see him again. Probably not. He didn't even know her name, she remembered regretfully.

Her thoughts moved to the lovely bright-red coat. Back in Massachusetts, clothes hadn't made much difference—the gang all took you as you were—but here among strangers, clothes seemed important. She hadn't had any new ones this fall. Next year, her mother had said when Janey protested, things would be better. Lois would be through school and teaching, and she would be able to help out.

Janey hoped this wasn't just wishful thinking on her mother's part. Mom had plenty to worry her, what with Dad having to take a smaller church on account of his heart condition, and goodness knows, ministers aren't too well paid at best. So Janey had managed to keep from griping out loud. She looked down at the blue-plaid coat. It really wouldn't be so unbearable if she hadn't seen the bright-red one. Well, perhaps, just perhaps, she could have it if she didn't ask for another thing. She would talk to her mother about it when she got home.

She got off the bus at her corner and walked up the street, scuffling through the bright October leaves which patterned the sidewalk with color. Warm light from the parsonage windows cut through the dusk, and for the first time the place looked like home to her. A delicious fragrance of simmering stew met her as she opened the front door.

Dad was resting on the couch in the study off the hall. She felt a twinge as she observed how his usual ruddy color had faded of late. Sometimes—why, sometimes Dad looked almost old. He waved at her as she passed the door. She hung her things in the coat closet and went through to the kitchen. Her mother was peeling potatoes at the sink.

"Oh, Mom, I've had *such* a swell day," she said.

"That's nice, Janey." Her mother smiled at her. There were tired smudges under her eyes. Before Janey could say anything further, Danny called importantly from upstairs. "I'm going to have my appendix out tomorrow."

"Who said so?" Janey asked, glancing at her mother.

"Well, the (Continued on page 39)

He laughed at her question as he reached up easily and replaced the burnt-out bulb



Federal Security Agency, Public Health Service

In a hospital laboratory, many blood samples must be analyzed. Here a slide is examined to see if there's evidence of malaria

are open for thousands of young women who have the required training. And there are many other fascinating laboratory jobs, in countless fields of industry and in the government, available to girls who are qualified for them.

First let's take a look at the opportunities for medical technologists, and see what you need to do to prepare yourself for that profession. Right now, there are more jobs in this field than there are girls and women ready to fill them. And in the coming years more and more medical technologists will surely be needed. There are a number of reasons for this growing need. For one thing, the population of this country has recently increased by leaps and bounds and many new hospitals are being built. Then, too, modern medicine is a complicated science, requiring a great many laboratory tests by trained workers.

Most medical technologists are employed in hospitals. Out of every hundred of these, ninety-six are women. A few women run their own laboratories. Others work for doctors, in clinics, or medical schools. Some do laboratory research on heart ailments, cancer, polio, tuberculosis, and other diseases for which mankind is seeking a cure. You'll find medical technologists working with blood banks maintained by the American Red

Laboratory Girl

by BETTY PECKHAM

If you like to work with test tubes and microscopes—and math formulas don't floor you—then do consider a laboratory career. It's a wide-open field offering many fascinating jobs . . .

IT IS A busy morning in the hospital laboratory. Janet, the medical technologist, in crisp white uniform, moves from refrigerator to sterilizer, from sink to chemical-filled cupboard, from test tubes to microscope.

She peers at a blood sample in the counting chamber and jots down the white corpuscle count on a card.

"Um-um," murmurs the young doctor who has been waiting for the report. "The white corpuscles are out in droves to fight the infection. Acute appendicitis, all right." He picks up the telephone and orders the operating room to be prepared for an emergency appendectomy.

Janet examines another blood speci-

men. She must determine the blood type. The victim of an auto accident is waiting in Receiving for a transfusion.

"The patient's blood is type O," she telephones the intern on duty.

Her next job is to take a slide she has made of a frozen section of tissue to Dr. Brown, the pathologist, whose office is just across the hall from the laboratory. He studies the slide. What he finds will be of vital importance to the patient, because he is studying the slide to find out whether or not cancer cells are present.

Each year, jobs like Janet's—exciting and essential because they help doctors to make accurate diagnoses—

Cross and other agencies. And there are some who do experimental research and testing for pharmaceutical companies which manufacture medicines and vitamin preparations. You can see what a wide and varied field this is.

If you plan to become a medical technologist, be sure to take the college preparatory course in high school, with four years of science. After high school graduation, two years of study at college, including courses in chemistry and biology, are required.

Next, you would take the twelve to eighteen months' specialized training leading to graduation and registration as a medical technologist.

The title, "medical technologist," is given only to medical laboratory workers who have met the high standards set up by the Registry of Medical Technologists, Muncie, Indiana. Write to that address if you would like to have a list of four hundred accredited schools in which medical technologists are trained. There may be one in your own town or city. Tuition is free in more than half of these schools, and many others offer scholarships.

Much of the training is actual laboratory work under supervision. A few of the students who take this training course are college graduates with a major in science. Others may be graduate nurses whose courses in chemistry, biology, and pharmacy give them the necessary qualifications. Most, however, have had the two years' college work mentioned above.

If working in a medical laboratory sounds interesting to you, you may try it while still in high school. A job in a hospital laboratory during summer vacations, even doing some simple job like washing up the glassware, will help you to decide whether or not you like the laboratory atmosphere, and if you are observant, you'll get some idea of a medical technologist's job.

There's another point to consider before you make up your mind to be a medical technologist: are you the type of person best suited for this job? The work is exacting and sometimes strenuous, so good health is vital. Since there are usually several people in a laboratory and many others with whom you would come in contact daily, you must be able to work well with others. You must be dependable and willing to take directions. In emergencies, you must remain calm and be able to do careful, accurate work, even under pressure.

You might have to cope with a situation arising, for example, from a railway accident where many passengers were injured. The facilities of the hospital would no doubt be suddenly overtaxed. You and your coworkers would have to run numerous blood tests as rapidly as possible so that the injured might receive transfusions.

And what pay would you receive for a job in this field? Salaries for medical technologists range from \$2,700 to \$3,000 per year. The head technologist in a laboratory may be paid as much as \$4,500. In some hospitals, room and board in the nurses' home attached to the hospital may be provided as part of the salary. At other hospitals the technologists live out. Whether living in or out, you could expect to be on duty at least one night each week. You might nap between times, but must wake up quickly if needed for an emergency case. Working hours range from forty to forty-eight a week.

Most every girl who becomes a medical technologist likes the work. There is always something exciting happening in a

hospital. Imagine yourself in such a job. When you had made tests which helped a doctor save a patient's life, you would feel that you were doing something very worth while. You would take a real interest in each case, and probably telephone down to the floor nurse often to see how "your" patients were progressing.

Some technologists make a lifelong career of their work, but most of them get married, many to doctors. A girl with this training can be a real helpmate to her doctor husband because she can readily understand many of his problems.

At this point, you may be saying to yourself, "I do like science and math, and laboratory work appeals to me. But I never did like hospitals, and I'm uncomfortable around sick people." Then most certainly, the job of medical technologist is not for you.

There are other kinds of laboratory work which may be more up your alley. How about considering industrial laboratories? They offer a great variety of interesting jobs.

Next time you are in a drug or department store, look at the many brands of perfumes, face powders, and creams displayed. All these were developed in laboratories and much of the compounding was done by women. Let's see just what these women do.

Peggy is one of them. She's in charge of a cosmetics laboratory. Perfume is one of the products. When the queerly lettered packing cases arrive from Bulgaria and other foreign countries, Peggy opens them and unpacks the silver-lined flasks of precious oils. These are blended, tagged, dated, and stored in a safe. Here they must remain until the "marriage of the oils" takes place, usually about two years. Then they are ready to be made into perfumes. Civet and musk, which come from far-off Africa, though unpleasant in themselves, are used to hold the fragrances.

Peggy mixes different blends of perfumes, dilutes them with alcohol, and gives out samples to employees around the plant, who (Continued on page 57)

Reading from top to bottom:

This girl is one of the laboratory workers who are busy on atomic research. The government needs many trained workers for the varied projects in this field

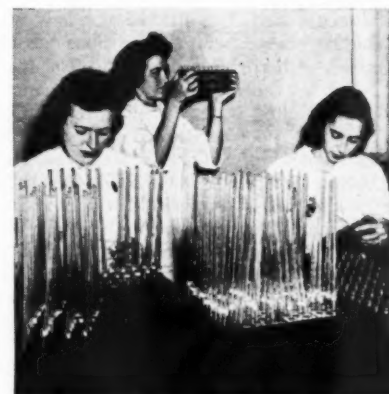
The doctors' diagnoses and the future welfare of the patients depend much on the accurate work of these laboratory technicians at a large New York hospital

How would you like to be an industrial laboratory technician, working with this extremely complicated apparatus which is used in making gasoline from coal?

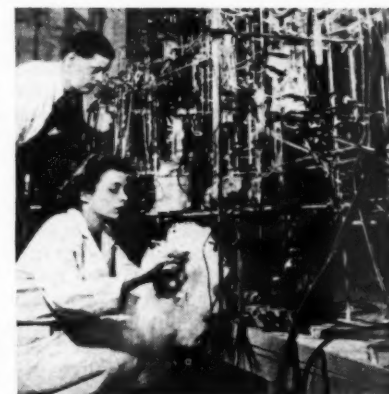
The plastics industry is a growing one where more and more laboratory girls are needed. Here the breaking point of a piece of plastic is accurately determined



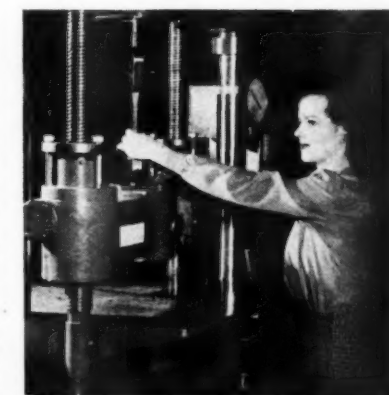
U.S. Army Photograph



Federal Security Agency, Public Health Service



Gulf Oil Company



U.S. Civil Service Commission



Sew—Save—Serve!

by JOAN PORTER

Drawings by Irv Koons

THE LITTLE French lady was getting ready to go out. She put on her hat, picked up her purse; then quickly, mysteriously, she put something into a tiny box. Carefully she placed the box on the cupboard shelf and locked the cupboard. The little French lady was hiding one of her most precious possessions—a sharp, slim, two-inch bit of steel—her last needle! At the same moment in the United States a girl like you mailed a dozen spools of thread to her cousin in Naples, for in Italy a single yard of cotton thread was worth a fabulous sum. In England a young mother traded her rings for flannel for her babies' clothes.

Does it seem farfetched that such everyday things could be so very important? Still, even in this country in a national emergency your needle may well be your best friend. With higher prices you will want to think twice before asking Dad to strain the budget for that slick new outfit you'd like. With scarcities of goods you'll need to give special care to your clothes to make them last.

You can serve best and save best by keeping your clothes in good repair, remodeling when you can, and making new things from old. Here are some suggestions for putting your wardrobe in tiptop shape. Additional "how-to-do" tips (directions for making belt loops, mending tears, making patches, finishing hems, and remodeling) are given in material offered on the following page.

Begin your crusade on clothes in a really professional way by setting up shop in a convenient room. Put up the ironing board, for the cardinal rule of

successful sewing is to press as you work. Have a good press cloth and check the controls on the iron so you will use proper heat for each fabric. Wear an apron or a smock with a roomy pocket to hold your equipment, so you can have tape measure, pack of pins, card of needles, thimble, and scissors at fingertip reach. Above all, work in a good light.

Now, let's start with some of the little things that mean so much to good grooming. First, there are those split seams. If possible, stitch the seams from the wrong side by machine or, if you work by hand, keep your stitches small. In lined coats mend the seam with a slip stitch on the right side. Make small stitches, pull the thread up from time to time, and you'll have a neat, invisible repair job.

Don't overlook the seams of your gloves. Follow the original stitching when repairing them. For those soft, beautiful leather gloves you prize so much, use heavy-duty mercerized sewing thread.

Dangling belt loops are eyesores and should be replaced and, while you're checking, get after those loose buttons and snaps, too.

How about that smooth plaid skirt you ripped on the bleachers at the football game? Or the cute blouse that got torn on the brambles on your last picnic? No need to hang them regretfully in the back of the closet. Trot them out and get to work repairing the tears. For wools draw a thread of the fabric from the hem or side seam and use this as your mending thread. For cotton materials, use mercerized thread in matching colors. A quick, easy way to reinforce worn spots or fix tears is with mending tape, available at most stores. Mind the P's and Q's of the instructions that come with the tape, and you can't miss.

Sometimes a hole is too large for mending; then it becomes necessary to patch. Since patches should be of the same material as the garment, you can cut a piece from the hem or seams. If the patch does not match exactly, fade it to the proper shade by washing in

soapsuds and baking soda, rinsing well and drying in the sun. You can make either a hemmed patch or a darned patch, depending on the fabric of the article you are repairing. Then wear your beautifully mended clothes with a flourish.

But comes the day when you take a good bold look into your mirror, and good heavens! Your skirt length won't do



Collar-and-Cuff Sets

at all! Either you've grown, or keeping in step with style calls for a different length. Here is how to alter a hem:

1. Take out the old hem and rip off the seam binding; press it and put it aside to use again. Press out the crease mark of the hem from the wrong side, using a damp cloth or steam iron. Then put on the garment, wearing shoes of suitable heel height.

2. Ask your mother to give you a hand with marking a new hem. Have her measure the new hemline from the floor with a yardstick, marking it at short intervals around the skirt by inserting pins parallel to the floor. Use a commercial hem marker if you have one.

3. Turn up the hem at the new line by folding the fabric at the pin line and placing pins at right angles to the fold. **Important:** Baste close to the fold. Press on the wrong side.

4. Now trim the hem to the desired width. Two inches is good for most skirts, but narrower hems are better for full skirts.

5. Finish the hem correctly according to the cut and fabric of the skirt.

So far, so easy; but your pet pastel cotton does not have enough material to turn up for a hem. Then you may use a facing. There are many ready-cut



Bolero and Skirt

hem facings on the market in a variety of colors, or you can cut new facings from suitable material.

A little thought, a little effort, a little skill, and all those clothes you've been scanning with a dreary eye are perked up and ready to wear. But look! You have a student-council affair coming up at school. You'd like a really "chief charmer" outfit to wear, but you've outgrown your wonderful wearable wool. Take a second look at your old favorite. Can it be remodeled into something exciting? It can!

Makeovers Are Musts

The skirt-and-bolero outfit shown here can be made from just such an outgrown love as your own. The skirt was lengthened by adding a contrasting band bound on both ends with heavy rick-rack or braid. The bolero was made from the bodice and trimmed with bands on the sleeves to match the skirt.

Do this to a dress with the sleeves worn at the elbows: Cut off the sleeves, scoop out the neckline, and presto! a smart new jumper that can be a half-dozen ensembles in one, simply by changing blouses and accessories. Here's another idea: fabric from an old skirt can be used to make a jaunty poncho and beanie.

Wait! Don't throw away that old sweater! Could anything be brighter than new bindings of gay ribbon, plain or plaid? If your sweater sleeves are worn at the elbows, convert them to short sleeves. Just open the sleeve seams and rip out the knitting to three inches above the elbow. Then pick up the stitches and (with the yarn you've unraveled) knit a ribbing of knit two, purl two, for about one and one-half inches. Cast off and sew the seams.

Nothing is a better pick-me-up for a so-so suit, a dull dress, a sad sweater, than spanking crisp collars and cuffs. There are dozens of fabrics to choose from—jewel-toned velveteens for wool suits or dresses; jaunty ball fringe for blouses; sparkling cotton or wool plaids for sweaters. And don't forget the not-to-be-beaten pure, gleaming white.

New Clothes from Old

Something new out of something old is what you are after when you remake

Would you like the instructions for making the attractive skirt and bolero; the poncho and beanie; the jumper; collars and cuffs? Do you want to know also the proper way to rebind sweaters, finish hems, make belt loops, repair tears, and make patches? Send a large, stamped, self-addressed envelope—plus 6¢ in stamps—to "Be Prepared" Department, American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York.

clothes that have served their day. Look around for outgrown or out-of-style discards. Often the material in them will still be in excellent condition and can be used again for an entirely new outfit.

Prepare all of your materials first. This means ripping the old garments apart, removing buttons, hem bindings, ornaments, and trimmings. Cut buttonholes off with a razor blade to separate the lapels of old jackets. Before taking a wool garment apart, tie a piece of thread with a knot on the right side of each piece and leave it there until after you've recut and basted the new garment. No chance then of forgetting which is the right side. Remember, also, when ripping wool to brush as you rip, in order to get rid of dust caught in the seams and folds.

If you are making a new garment considerably smaller than the old one you need not rip. Instead, cut the seams off close to the line of stitching for a fresh firm edge for new seams. Be sure to save a few scraps of leftover material for mending, patching, and restyling later.



Gay Sweater Binding

Step two is washing your materials. All materials except cotton should be ripped apart before washing. For cotton just open the hem and press it flat, launder, and rip afterward. Wash wools in plenty of lukewarm soap-suds. If the garment has been dry cleaned you will need as many as three or four sudsings in fresh soapy

water, as the cleaning fluids in the fabric tend to "kill" the suds at first. Keep on until you get suds that stand up. Then the fabric will be really clean, and you can go ahead and rinse in several waters of the same temperature. Allow to dry, and press on the wrong side under a damp cloth. You now have preshrunk wool; whatever garment you make from it will continue to fit well through future washings. Wash those leftover scraps you saved right along with the new garment every time, so the colors will continue to match. One more hint: make sure that your finishing materials—thread, bindings, stiffening, and lining—are as fast color and shrink-proof as the fabric itself.

The wool in handmade sweaters can often be used over again. First open up the seams, then un-



Poncho and Beanie

ravel carefully. Wind the wool around a chair back into long hanks, tie each hank in several places with string; then wash in lukewarm suds. When dry, the yarn will be smooth and ready for re-winding into balls.

Not before this minute—when all your materials are clean and fresh and smooth—are you ready to embark on your makeover project. Now go ahead with all your enthusiasm and the confidence you have built in yourself! Use a good pattern and follow the cutting and sewing instructions carefully.

You'll find extra delight in your work if you make it a group project. How about reviving the old-fashioned sewing bee by inviting your friends to a modern "sew-and-snack" party? There are loads of ways to make this both entertaining and productive. Ideas will come fast, and as you sew you'll especially appreciate having someone to help you with fittings and hem lengths. It's always nice, too, to have the gang's opinion and approval of a pet project.

Most of all, remember that keeping yourself neatly and attractively dressed means giving regular and thoughtful attention to your clothes. Schedule a weekly or monthly "checking day" so things do not pile up on you. It's a good idea to touch up wilted collars or creased skirts with the iron right after you've worn them, and do give everything a general pressing from time to time. Remove spots and stains as soon as possible with the proper remover. Work out a practical plan for hanging your clothes in your closet to prevent rumpling, and choose a proper place for everything in your bureau drawers, too. Your clothes will be fresh and ready to wear at a moment's notice.

Tuck this little motto in your mind for beating the high cost of new clothing—not the old, dispirited "make it do"—but your bright, challenging watchword—"Remake it do!"

THE END



Jumper

Adele asked herself over and over, "Take away tennis and what good is summer?" A short story complete on these pages

by AMY SPRAGUE

MY BROTHER Henry, who is still partial to puns, although he is old enough to be entering medical school this coming fall, says that I am bats about tennis, and perhaps there is truth in his remark. For actually the game is almost as dear to me as life itself. It is my favorite topic for discussion, and by far my favorite pastime. In daily life I know many people consider me somewhat retiring, but on the court I become an entirely different type—transfigured, as it were, by the feel of the racket in my hand. I would be happy to play tennis all day and far into the night, if only darkness didn't fall.

This summer, though, I've been forced to concentrate on such mundane matters as making a plaid school dress and plowing through the suggested summer-reading list. I am reduced to this because my father is a professor, and it is a difficult thing to stretch his salary, with deductions, over the high cost of living and Henry's medical-school tuition, not to mention my teeth-straightening bills, so we all agreed to make some necessary adjustments. Father, for instance, is teaching in the summer session at the college instead of working at his book about the anthropoids. Henry rented his homemade sailboat and is working in the chem lab, while Mother agreed to forfeit her yearly trip to Virginia to see her sister, saying she always found it hot there in August anyway. My sacrifice was my usual two months at Camp Moose Hill.

That didn't seem like much at the family council back in March when I made the gallant offer, but it is grim and dreary and not at all gallant now. The worst of it is that I don't believe my family has any conception of the grandeur of my gesture. Naturally I don't go around reminding them that I needed only one more leg on the camp tennis trophy to make it mine forever. And I cannot exactly throw in the face of an anthropology professor the fact that Merrylegs, our tennis counselor, said that if I made steady progress this summer, I might have a chance in the State junior tennis tournament which takes place over Labor-Day week end. Father may know all about the aborigines, but his knowledge of athletics is completely null and void.

The fact is that no one here at Oakwood seems to care a bit whether or not I make steady progress or slide downhill backward into a game of pat ball. Of course, Henry did offer to bang away on the college courts with me for a couple of hours every day after his work, but he is usually so tired he isn't much of an opponent. I love to play so much that I can't resist batting balls with him, but I am afraid idle slamming without guidance can be ruinous to a person's game. I need much more than that sort of practice with Henry. Merrylegs said that I ought to correct several flagrant small weaknesses. That calls for a teacher with a critical eye like Merrylegs. As she once said, it is better not to play at all, in my stage, than to deepen the grooves of bad habits.

All this seemed especially awful on a day like yesterday—perfect tennis weather, so windless, clear, and warm but not hot. Yet there I lay on our squeaky Gloucester hammock on the back porch, reading

"Northanger Abbey," or appearing to. Actually, I was thinking about camp. Merrylegs would be drawing names for the opening inter-cabin tournament, and the man would be laying fresh tapes on court number 1, the one by the benches.

Then I thought lovingly of my gleaming fifteen-dollar racket which I bought reduced after Christmas, and suddenly I felt I must take a dramatic step. I went up to my room, took out my racket and wiped it off with my best Swiss-voile hanky. After that I put it back in its case and press and laid it way back on the top closet shelf. Next I turned the two framed certificates—which prove in gold and blue letters that I, Adele Holton, was Moose Hill Singles Champion in 1949 and 1950—so that their faces were to the wall. And finally I wrote the word "Tennis" on a big sheet of type-writer paper, laid it in the living-room fireplace, and touched a match to it. I haven't the faintest idea what made me think of this ceremony, but it made me feel appropriately gloomy to watch the flames devour my favorite word. Probably Father would tell me I had used a tribal rejection ritual observed among natives in the Bongo-Pongo, but with me it was original.

I was still feeling so gloomy at supper that I could only snap "No, thanks!" when Henry suggested taking in the movie at College Hall.

Then Father said, "Oh, by the way, Adele, the dean of women sent me a memorandum about some sort of a job she thought you would like . . . Have it here somewhere." And he began shuffling through the vast pile of dog-eared envelopes he always has in his vest pocket.

I don't know what happened—maybe it was the disappointment about the summer bubbling up in me all at once—but I burst out, "Is it necessary for me to do more in one summer than sacrifice my whole tennis

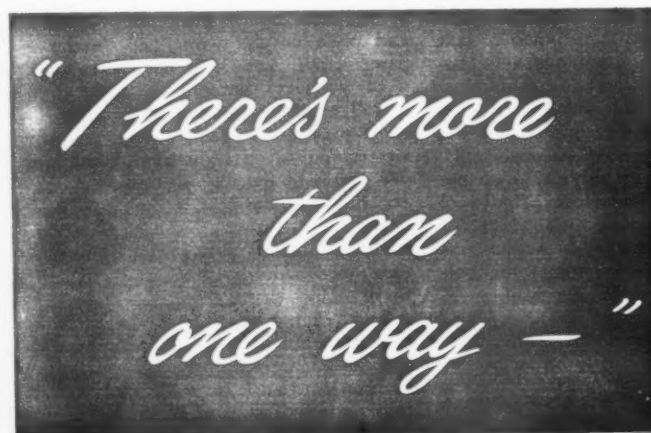
career?" I was keyed up for a scene all right, but none came. Henry just raised one eyebrow at me, and Mother went on tossing the salad. For only a second I caught a sad, hurt expression on Father's face.

"Of course you needn't consider this opening unless you want to," he said gently. "But Miss Evans said it might be—I think the term she used was—right down your alley." After that, Mother and Henry fell into a discussion of the progress of the elm blight on the campus, and after the melon alameda I felt calm enough to go up and struggle with the placket of my plaid dress. I didn't think any more about the job, as a matter of fact. But when I went downstairs later in the evening to look into the lemonade situation, I found the memo from Dean Evans on the kitchen counter. Just a few words, typed on a yellow file card:

Sitter wanted afternoons. Apply in person at 52 Lake Avenue.

Nothing especially "down my alley" about a plain sitting job, I thought, and I was disposing of it mentally when I caught a glimpse of Father, arranging lantern slides in his study for tomorrow's lecture. His bald head glistened under the overhead light, and his shoulders looked thin and sort of discouraged. I began to feel ashamed of what I had said to him at supper and ashamed of my own discontent. Lots of times I have felt that Father is so deeply involved in his Subject that he doesn't particularly notice what Henry and I are doing; but of course all his struggling with his lectures and students and books is mostly for our sakes, and I ought to appreciate that fact more. Well, here was something concrete I could do. I would follow up that job inquiry. If it didn't work out, at least I could tell him I tried. And if it did turn into a summer job, even a few dollars a week invested in my account at Oakwood Savings Bank (at two percent) would help a little toward Moose Hill for me next year.

I was still thinking about my bank account as I made my way down Lake Avenue this morning.



I don't know how I thought of the ceremony, but it made me feel appropriately gloomy to watch the flames devour my favorite word

I knew the house—a huge old Victorian mansion that had been converted into a private hospital and rest home. When I pulled the bell and told the nurse who answered about my mission, she said to please come along with her. Off she went at a brisk pace, with me following her starchy white back down a long corridor, up a fancy stairway, down another hall, around a sharp corner or two, and finally through an open door into a big room. It struck me right off as gay and not a bit like a hospital, with casement windows looking out over the old carriage house and barn, across the meadows to the river. There was bright chintz all around, and over in one corner a television set.

"It's Adele Holton, the professor's daughter, Miss Hazelwood, about the sitting job," said the nurse.

At that, a woman in a wheel chair whirled around from the desk, and for a minute her square jaw, deep-set eyes, and crisp gray hair looked familiar.

"Hello, Adele Holton." She stretched a strong, brown hand to me. "Don't look so surprised. Sometimes middle-aged convalescents in strange towns need sitters as well as babies! I'm Celia Hazelwood, and I want some pleasant person to read aloud and visit with me these summer afternoons."

I had stopped being surprised by then, for when she said her name the picture fell into place. This was Celia Hazelwood, the tennis star of the twenties who had won at Forest Hills and Wimbledon and Longwood and

Sea Girt and all over the tennis map, and who had devoted her life after that to writing about the game and promoting young people's tournaments. I remember having read in the town paper that she had come to Oakwood to have an old knee injury treated by one of the university doctors. So she was still here, bored and lonely like anyone else.

"Tell me about yourself, Adele," Miss Hazelwood was saying. "I think if we are to be together we will need a community of interests, don't you?" And the next thing I knew, out was pouring a jumbled recital of how our family had agreed to save money and how I had given up camp and what Merrylegs had said about the junior State tournament and what an impossible idea that had turned out to be. . .

"Wait a minute," Miss Hazelwood interrupted. "Maybe it's not impossible. In fact maybe here is something for both of us. A much-needed interest for me, and some coaching for you. Look at that barn door out there, begging to be used for a tennis backboard. You could practice against it by the hour, and I could wheel out beside you and bark instructions from under the shade of the maple tree. On bad days we could talk tennis and read tennis and watch the big matches on my television set." She stopped and laughed at the beatific smile spreading over my face. "Oh, it won't be easy. I'll make you skip rope until you're ready to drop—nothing like it to improve footwork, I

believe. And I'll send you home to wring out your mother's laundry by hand so that your wrist and finger muscles will grow hard and strong. Why, if you can just manage to get out on a real court down at the college for some regular play, Merrylegs may be seeing you at that State tournament yet. No reason why an old barn door and an old teacher in a wheel chair can't boost along a budding champion! Let's start at two thirty today—all right?"

My heels almost took off as I tore down Lake Avenue and headed for the campus. If I hurried I could catch Father between classes. Somehow I wanted him to be the first to hear my wonderful news. Then I could stop around at the lab and see if Henry would play tennis with me tonight. I was just pulling open the Science Building door, when I remembered Miss Hazelwood and I hadn't discussed finances. Somehow, though, that didn't seem to matter now. As Henry says in our more destitute moments, "All that glisters. . ."

THE END

Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander





Here is your own department in the magazine. Watch for the announcements each month and send us your best original short stories, poems, nonfiction, and drawings

In the Meadow

First Poetry Award

*In the meadow
Cows do graze
Squeek!
The gate opens.
A small boy
With a dog
Walked toward
The grazing cows
Yes!
It is time
For them to
Go to their
Barn.
Clap, clap, clap
The meadow
Becomes very
Noisy.
Squeek!
The gate opens
Again.
Clap, clap, clap
Down the hill
They go.
Clap, clap, clap
They die out
In the distance.
The meadow
Becomes quiet
Again.
The wind blows
Softly—
Just a whisper now.*

PATRICIA L. BLOCK (age 12) Corpus Christi, Texas

Autumn

First Nonfiction Award

A mischievous sprite has again stolen Mother Nature's neat artist's palette of colors and streaked with gay abandon smatterings of red and yellow over the face of the earth. The sun beats warmly on my head, but an almost cold wind plays in my hair and rustles in the dry leaves with a sound like crickets in a dewy meadow, or taffeta petticoats on a faraway dance floor.

Today I am No One, suspended for a moment between two worlds. Yesterday, it was summer, and I was me: scaling a high rock to see the foaming madness of a waterfall through its own silver spray; pitching a tent beside the shore of a sparkling lake; hearing the ring of an ax on hard driftwood and feeling its firm grip beneath my hand; shouting at a merry water fight with a friend in a shining pool fed by a hidden spring; dreaming before a campfire to the tune of soft, sentimental camp ballads. Yesterday it was summer, and I was me.

Tomorrow it will be winter, and I shall be—me, but a very different sort of me: sitting before the fireplace chewing a pencil over a puzzling Latin verb; laughing in the schoolyard at a friend's imitation of

a teacher; standing on a chair in a wide hall, tacking up decorations for a school dance; sitting cross-legged on the floor at a club meeting with a group of girls in blue jeans eagerly discussing a new project; walking alone, or with a friend, down a gay street of lighted shop windows and dazzling store displays, and suddenly turning off into a quiet lane lit only by dim street lights. Tomorrow it will be winter, and I shall be—me. But today the world is still. Time is not here, and I am No One.

KATHAN BROWN (age 16) Daytona Beach, Florida

Summer's End

First Fiction Award

Janet hung out of the train window waving her scarf until Dave's tall figure was just a white-clad speck in the distance. Then she sat back in her compartment.

It was all over now. All the good times they'd had together that summer, Dave and she. No more swimming, sunbathing, softball games, cokes together with the rest of the gang, or quiet talks down by the railroad tracks under the stars. All that was gone forever—a year at least.

Dave had said he'd write; maybe for a month or two he would. But then he'd forget—he was always saying how he hated writing letters.

Janet didn't see how she could survive a whole year without seeing Dave—it would be just too awful!

The train rattled on and Janet continued her reminiscences. Every few minutes a large lump would rise in her throat, and no matter how hard she tried to fight them back, the tears came.

About five minutes before the train was due to pull in, she put a little powder on her nose, renewed her lipstick and made several attempts at a "cheery" smile—without success.

She couldn't help feeling a little excited as the whistle blew, a lot of puffs and hisses were heard and the train jolted to a stop.

She watched the smiling, expectant faces on the platform. Where was Mom? Oh, there she was, that same ridiculous Easter bonnet

perched on her graying locks. Dad was there too, and Sue and Amy, her two best friends. Why—wasn't that Mike standing there with the rest? Yes, it was, Mike, the junior with the soft brown eyes and sunny smile. Maybe she wouldn't miss Dave so much after all.

"Hello everybody," she beamed. "Hi! Gee it's good to be home."

ALISON WILLIAMS (age 14) Great Neck, New York

Lullaby

Poetry Award

*Go to sleep, my little one,
Night is here, and day is done.
No more little birdies peep
So, now it's time to go to sleep.*

*Go to sleep, my little dear,
Come now, Mother is right here.
Way out in the green grass deep
All the little creatures sleep.*

MINNA LEVI (age 10) Springfield, Massachusetts

Sunset on the Harbor

Nonfiction Award

Standing on the wharf, I see color and beauty on all sides. On the east, I see the harbor stretching out to meet the bay. The lighthouse sends out its pinpoint of light. The houses and private wharves stand, dark and solid, beneath pink clouds on a gray-blue sky. In back of me, the town clusters together like women gossiping at the end of a busy day. Lovely as this is, the west outdoes it in beauty and color. The sun is a red-orange ball of solid flame sending out streamers of brilliant color. In the background, deep-blue clouds float sleepily against a lighter sky. The sun drops a bit and disappears, pulling its streamers with it. The trees are silhouetted for an instant and then—it is over.

GAIL SMYTHE (age 14) Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 45 FOR
DETAILS ABOUT "BY YOU"

Art Award

JACKIE MILLS

(age 17) Hazelhurst, Ga.



Kathy's Choice

Fiction Award

"Well Kathy, have you decided?" asked Kathy's mother one morning at breakfast.

This matter of deciding that was placed on the shoulders of fourteen-year-old Kathy Miller was a serious one. The all-important question that was facing her was whether she was going to take business training or Latin in her first year of high school just a week away.

She could feel the eyes of her parents on her, and kept her own on the spoonful of hot cereal which was halfway to her mouth. In her mind's eye she could imagine what they looked like. Her father would be sitting very erect. He wanted her to take Latin, and later go to college, though he knew she wanted to take business training. The very thought of college made Kathy shiver. She'd have to go many miles before she came to one because she lived in the small town of Rockeville. This fact would probably be thrilling to many girls, but it left an empty place in Kathy's stomach. Even when she'd gone to a girl's camp a couple of miles away she got so homesick she came back home after a week of it. Besides, all the girls that she chummed around with were taking business training. Her mother would be at ease, for she always placed confidence in Kathy. Kathy knew, however, that her gray-blue eyes were looking at her steadily.

Now was the time to tell them. Her heart grew panicky and her mind began to whirl. If she took business training her mother and father would be disappointed in her. If she took Latin, she'd have to go off to school and conquer her homesickness. Which to choose?

Kathy began to feel a little sick. She wondered if that's how her mother had felt when she had the flu. Kathy remembered those dark days clearly. She stayed home from school to take care of her mother. Dr. Wilton said that if it hadn't been for Kathy, her mother wouldn't be alive today. After a week which seemed like years, her mother had begun to recover, and now she was as fit as a fiddle. She also remembered the time when Billy, her rusty-colored cocker spaniel, had cut his paw and infection set in. Kathy and her dad had taken him down to a veterinarian. After injecting Billy with some sort of medicine, he bandaged up his paw. For a few days afterward Kathy bathed and put fresh bandages on the paw regularly. Now Billy could romp and run without the trace of a limp.

Suddenly Kathy knew what she was cut out for. Just then Billy, who was under the table, licked her hand. This gave Kathy courage.

"Yes, I've decided," said Kathy slowly, "I'm going to take Latin."

JOAN STELZNER (age 14) Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Rooms

Poetry Award

Mother's room is spick and span,

Papa's room is like a man's,

Baby's room is sterilized—

Junior's room's uncivilized;

Mary's room is a great surprise—

Dozens of things before your eyes

Powder, lipstick, socks, and shoes.

Oh! Has Mama got the blues.

BONNIE LOCHRAY (age 11) Fort Dodge, Iowa

HONORABLE MENTION

ART: Judy Cahan (age 12) Philadelphia, Pa.

POETRY: Marilyn Collins (age 16) Vincennes, Ind.

FICTION: Jeanne Jayroe (age 14) Mountair, N. M.

NONFICTION: Anne Ellen Goldberg (age 13) Clifton, N. J.

Victory Within A Dream

Nonfiction Award

The sun sank slowly beyond the swirl of the gleaming waters. Little waves sent ripples over the horizon. A small ship, lone in the mighty sea, swayed with the current, slowly letting out the long lengths of golden cable. One man stood at the helm, peering back through the mist. He was about thirty-seven, but an air of perseverance and determination made him seem older than he actually was. At last his dream was being fulfilled. He must not fail again. The hope of closer connections with relatives abroad must become a reality. He scanned the sky; suddenly land loomed out of the fog. He could discern small houses along the shore and dots of light far in the distance. Was it really there, or was it just another nightmare? Would he reach land or would the frail cable break and their hopes be dashed for the fourth time? A warning buoy sounded its bell to the east, and he felt the ship turn as expert hands guided it toward the approaching land. Then as the boat slowly edged to the dock, he felt a strange sensation. He had succeeded; at last his long-cherished dream was accomplished. He watched figures move toward them through the dusk, but he was unaware of his surroundings. He was thinking of his success, for Cyrus Field had earned the right to stand among America's greatest, the inventor of the first Atlantic cable.

MARY PATRICIA PHEASANT (age 13) Pasadena, California



First Art Award MARY LYNN SOUTHERLAND (age 12) Kennett, Mo.

Driving Test

Nonfiction Award

Today was the day Susan had waited for, dreamed about and dreaded. Today Park Hill School was having a driving test, and she had signed up for it weeks ago. She was now on her way to school.

While riding along, she remembered having heard her mother mention how hard the automobile license test was and what complicated questions were asked. It made Susan feel sort of worried as to whether or not she would be able to pass her test, too.

When it finally came her turn in line, Susan first had to show that she could ride in a circle, and then next to the curb, nice and even. Then the policeman had to check



Art Award

DONNA THURLBY (age 17) San Diego, Calif.

her vehicle for lights, horn or bell, and reflector, and make certain that everything was in good condition.

So far she had passed everything, and there was just one more test. She went down the line to another policeman and told him the rules, and showed him the various signals. He nodded his head and grinned at her as he said, "Yes, you really have everything exactly right!"

Now as Susan rides home, she clutches her bicycle driving card that reads:

No. 103. Bicycle Institute

Susan Hamilton has completed a Bicycle Driving Test in Denver, Colorado Signed, Theo. Thompson.

Susan says to herself, as she nears her home—just think, I passed my first driving test today, a bicycle driving test!

VERLA JEAN HAMILTON (age 10) Denver, Colorado

A Cake

Poetry Award

Tall brown wheat stalks swaying in the prairie wind struggling to obtain moisture from the parched earth.

Whitewashed barns whirling electric milkers low voices of contented Jerseys big pools of darkness watching.

Dark backs bent toward the blazing sun machines groan as sugar cane is pushed between their teeth.

Nestled in a nest of love lies an egg guarded by anxiety by fear.

The ring of steel against perfect crystals hidden in the darkness reveals salt.

Huge groves of trees thriving in tropical heat spreading large leaves over chocolate, coconut, vanilla.

In a cheery red and white kitchen A cake is born.

JOELLEN ROSS (age 13) Sunnyside, Long Island



MEATS

Try these delightfully different meat dishes. They're easy on the budget, tops in food values, and just plain good to eat

WHEN IT COMES to good eating, does Dad call himself a "meat-and-potatoes guy"? Do you and the girls in your gang raid the ice-box for that last bit of roast? Meat makes a meal hearty and satisfying. The exciting recipes you have sent in show that many of you have real skill in meat cookery. The favorite meat dishes of AMERICAN GIRL readers seem to be hamburger and meat loaves of all kinds. Pork chops and other pork cuts are popular, too.

In these times, when nearly all meat is costly and many cuts scarce, you will need to know some new ways to stretch that precious meat flavor. We've tried to select recipes which are tempting and nutritious, yet not slated to shatter the budget.

A trick every pennywise cook should use is combining meat with other foods, such as potatoes, rice, noodles, spaghetti, cereals, and bread. Another good cooking rule is to use every bit of leftover meat in soups, stews, and sandwich fillings.

Meat is one of the best sources of protein and the vitamins and minerals essential to a healthful diet. The organ meats—liver, kidney, and heart—are exceptionally nutritious and generally less expensive than other cuts. Cook them with imagination and skill, and you'll have a main dish guaranteed to surprise and please. Keep an open mind, add a pinch of adventure, and prove yourself to be the good cook you know you are.

The Recipe Exchange for December is now open and the topic is Cookies. With cookies, anything goes—from the delicious plain cookie to the fanciest party fare. We know you'll want to share your choice recipes with other readers. See Page 50 for details.

by JUDITH MILLER

SWEET-SOUR PORK

Lovers of Chinese food will find this reminiscent of the sweet-sour pork served in their favorite Chinese restaurant. It's extra good!

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1½ pounds lean shoulder pork, cut in strips 2" long ½" wide | 1 cup pineapple juice |
| 2 tablespoons fat | 1 tablespoon soy sauce |
| ¼ cup water | ¾ cup green pepper, cut in strips |
| ¼ cup brown sugar | ¼ cup thinly sliced onions |
| 2 tablespoons cornstarch | 1 No. 2 can pineapple chunks |
| ½ teaspoon salt | |
| ¼ cup vinegar | |

Brown pork in hot fat, in heavy saucepan. Add water, cover, and cook slowly one hour. Combine brown sugar, cornstarch, salt, vinegar, pineapple juice, and soy sauce. Cook in separate saucepan over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour over hot cooked pork. Let stand at least 10 minutes. Add green pepper, onion, and pineapple chunks and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Serve with hot, fluffy rice. Serves 6.

Sent by TERESA ANNE WALRAVEN, Industry, Illinois

POT ROAST WITH PRUNES

A different way to cook a pot roast. The flavor of the prunes, cloves, and cider add a new note. Vinegar may be used if cider is not available.

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| 4 pound chuck or rump roast | 4 cloves |
| 3 tablespoons fat | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 onions, sliced | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| ½ pound uncooked prunes, soaked | 1 cup water |
| | 1 cup cider |

Brown meat on all sides in hot fat in Dutch oven or heavy kettle. Add onions, and when browned, add remaining in-

gredients. Reduce heat, cover tightly, and simmer slowly until tender, 3 to 4 hours. Serve with potato pancakes or mashed potatoes. Serves 6 to 8.

Sent by SUSAN HATTER, Arcadia, California

PEANUT-MEAT SURPRISE

This meat roll is fun to make, and a real surprise to cut into. The peanuts are a grand idea, and give the dish a truly different flavor.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| 1 pound ground meat (beef, lamb, veal or pork) | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 2 teaspoons onion juice | ¼ cup water |
| ¾ teaspoon pepper | 1 cup salted peanuts, coarsely ground |
| | 1 egg, slightly beaten |

3 cups seasoned mashed potatoes

Combine meat with all ingredients except potatoes; blend thoroughly. Place on sheet of wax paper and pat into oblong shape ½" thick. Form mashed potatoes into a roll about 4" in diameter; place in center of meat. Wrap meat around potato, overlapping edges. Remove paper. Place on greased baking sheet and bake at 350° F. for 1 to 1½ hours. Serve hot in slices. Serves about 6.

Sent by LUCILLE HENDRICKSON, Foxhome, Minnesota

INDIAN MEAT LOAF

We doubt if the Indians ever ate anything as delicious as this meat loaf! Whether Indian in origin or just in name, you'll be grateful to Marie for sending it in.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1 pound ground beef | ¼ cup chopped green pepper |
| ½ pound ground fresh pork | ½ cup canned corn |
| ½ cup cornmeal | 1¼ cups canned tomatoes |
| 1 egg, beaten | 1 medium onion, chopped |
| 2 teaspoons salt | ½ teaspoon sage |
| ½ teaspoon pepper | |

(Continued on page 36)

Pyramid, plaid, and all wool—our September “Prize Purchase”! This 100% wool cheviot topper, with pretty plaid lining, has many small buttons down the front. Pert pointed collar stands up to reveal another touch of plaid. The slim skirt of matching wool plaid has small walking pleats on each side. Both can be yours for just under \$30. Teen sizes 10-16, in green, navy, and wine. Buy it or order by mail from the stores listed on page 58

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM EVANS FOTIADES

SWEATER BY JANTZEN

HAT BY MADCAPS

PEARLS BY CORO

GLOVES BY DAWNELLE



When blustery winds blow, don't be an "Alice-sit-by-the-fire." Wrap yourself in cozy, deep-pile chinchilla, fleece, or toasty-warm tweed, and you'll "weather the weather" in style



forecast:

Windy and Cold



Above, left: All-wool fleece in a convertible collar coat by Highlander has button front on a panel that runs from neck to hem. Cuffed sleeves—can be pushed up. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$45, at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; Dayton Co., Minneapolis

Above: Young City Original's completely reversible pyramid coat is covert on one side, checked tweed on the other. It has adjustable cuffs, shawl collar. All-wool in teen sizes 10-16, about \$50, at The May Co., Los Angeles; Foley's, Houston; Filene's, Boston

Left: Chinchilla box coat has a velvet club collar, heraldic emblem and buttons. By Worcester Classics, of all-wool (half-new, half-processed), it has deep patch pockets, removable back belt. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$30. The Hub, Baltimore; Edwards, Syracuse

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM EVANS FOTIADES

HATS BY BETTY ANN

SHOES BY DESCO

Newsmaker Sweaters 'n' Skirts

Sweaters and skirts are real fashion news! In this season's versions of your favorite outfit, you can be all-dressed-up to go anywhere!

Hi-Girl's "jumper" sweaters, a collared sleeveless cardigan with a classic pullover, about \$6 each. Sak's 5th, New York. College Town's dyed-to-match "gob" skirt of Deering Milliken's all-wool flannel, about \$8. Teen sizes 10-16. Sak's 34th, New York



Left: Short-sleeved pullover of DuPont nylon by Brownie, has scalloped collar. Sizes 32-40, about \$6. Flared asymmetrical corduroy skirt by Petiteen has pouch pocket and stitched side pleat. Subteen sizes 8-14, about \$6. Hudson's, Detroit

Far left: Jane Irwill's pull-over of Angora and Australian wool has box-design front; sizes 34-40, about \$6. Unpressed pleated skirt of velveteen by Girl Town. Subteen sizes 10-14, about \$11. Altman's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago

Cashmere look at budget price! "Turnabout" by Shepherd of imported lamb's wool, may be worn as a cardigan or, reversed, as pullover. About \$9, in sizes 34-40. Active's all-wool clan-plaid skirt is knife pleated. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$8. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia

DRAWINGS BY HILDA GLASGOW



PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM EVANS FOTIADES GLOVES BY DAWNELLE

Junior First puts a removable tie of gay wool plaid on a rayon-flannel dress that buttons to below the waist, ending in a slim fly-front skirt. Short sleeves have deep cuffs. Teen sizes 10-16, about \$13, at Harzfeld's, Kansas City; Bamberger's, Newark

Petiteen's pert dress of pin-checked rayon worsted has a paneled bodice and is collared and cuffed with contrasting linen. Collar tab has heraldic emblem. In sub-teen sizes 8-14, it's about \$13 at Wanamaker's, Philadelphia; Polsky's, Akron

Touraine makes a U-neck, button-front weskit of Suava, the new suèdelike rayon that is guaranteed not to "sit out," about \$5. Matching skirt has wide unpressed pleats. In subteen sizes 8-14, it's about \$9 at Loeser's, Brooklyn, and Bullock's, Pasadena

You'll have to look twice to tell that these luxurious fashions are made from economical, hard-wearing rayon! Some have the look of fine worsteds, others the feel of flannel or the texture of suède. All are exciting fabrics

believe it or not...

It's Rayon!

A red collar and yoke, set-in with loops and buttons, tops RAR's dress of cotton broadcloth. It has new push-up sleeves, contour belt. Subteen sizes, 8-14, about \$11



Charcoal gray—the perfect background for bold splashes of color and dramatic accessories.

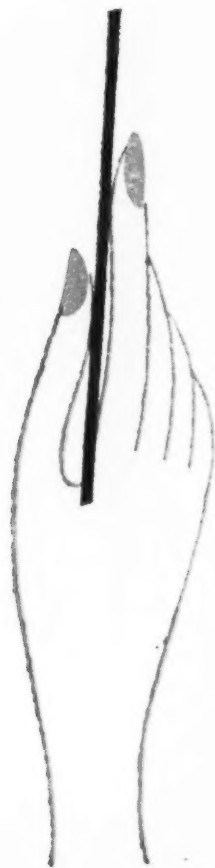
We show it here accented with red. For

where-to-buy information, see list on page 58

DRAWING BY CLAYTON GHIOSSAY
JEWELRY BY BERCHMAN & CO.
BELT BY CHARM

accent on

Charcoal



Active's all-wool flannel skirt has permanent one-inch box pleats; subteen sizes, 8-14, about \$8. Cotton jersey by Brownie in small, medium, and large sizes, about \$4

Brief button-on poncho tops a complete jumper of Burlington's rayon flannel. Short sleeves are cuffed, buttons are pearlized. About \$15 in teen sizes 10-16

Classroom Classics



9394

9300

4513

4513: A wrinkle-resistant, Dan River rayon would be a good choice for this trim jumper. Set it off with the cuff-sleeved blouse in a contrasting color, or the always-right white. For sizes 11-17. In 13, the jumper calls for $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material; the blouse, 2 yards

9394: If you lean to the square-neck jumper, you might use a Burlington rayon plaid for this, picking up one of the tones of the plaid for the shirt-collar blouse. The sizes are 10-16. Jumper, in size 12, takes $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 54" fabric; blouse, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39"

9300: The clever details and smart simplicity of this casual frock for sizes 10-16 are what give it that just-right air. A material like Burlington's checkerberry rayon would be a very good choice for it. In size 12, the dress will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39" fabric

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, be sure to enclose the correct amount for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay the postage. For a convenient clipout order blank, please turn to page 55

9002

9292

Each Pattern 30¢

Drawings by
Florence Maier



9002: A smooth-fitting dress like this is an addition to any girl's wardrobe, for classroom or for social affairs. Designed for sizes 10-16, it is pictured here in a bright checked corduroy by Reeves. Size 12 takes $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35" material, plus $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for contrast

9292: Any number of changes can be rung up with this smart outfit for sizes 11-17. Mix, match, co-ordinate colors in the slim, walk-easy skirt, weskit, and jacket. In a 54" material, size 13 takes $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards for jacket; 1 yard for skirt; $\frac{7}{8}$ yard for the weskit

9108: In plaid cotton and solid-color Bates broadcloth, this is as gay as an autumn leaf. The pattern is designed for sizes 10-14, and includes the cute, scalloped hat. For size 10, get $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 35" plaid fabric, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard solid color for contrast and hat

Let's Face It

You'll want to freshen up your skin for fall days. Here's how to coax your complexion toward loveliness

by MARGARET BELL

Photos: Courtesy of Richard Hudnut



Above: For a thoroughly clean skin apply a good cleansing cream and rub in, using circular and upward strokes



Right: To help remove blackheads in a good, safe way, make a facial mask by mixing cleansing meal with water

BACK-TO-SCHOOL days are just around the corner, and you'll want to put your best face forward. Now is a good time to take inventory and see whether the summer sun has been an asset or a liability. Most complexions benefit from the extra sunshine, fresh air, and exercise that go with summertime. Of course, if you've sizzled your skin in an over-enthusiastic campaign for a terrific tan or floated along on a sea of soft drinks, sodas, and sundaes, your complexion may be the worse for wear.

Don't just sit back and sigh dolefully about a complexion that's less lovely than you'd like it to be at this point. Your skin changes constantly, and it's very much up to you whether it changes for better or worse. Why not take a candid view of the *status quo* and see whether a change for the better is in order?

How good are your cleansing methods? Are they right for your complexion? Do you protect your skin from overexposure? Do you keep it free from blemishes by eating the right food, maintaining regular elimination? Do you cultivate a natural glow with proper sleep and exercise? Do you know how to heighten nature artfully with the right touch of make-up?

Clean, of course. Nobody past child-

hood deliberately goes around with a dirty face. But—unless you keep it under a cellophane wrap—it is an unavoidable fact that your skin daily collects a goodly share of the dust and grime around you. This, combined with the film of natural oil secreted by the skin itself, causes all manner of trouble unless the accumulation is thoroughly washed away each day. One of the most important functions of the skin is to throw off waste material through the pores. If the pores are clogged up, this vital function is interfered with, and blackheads and pimples may result. So—whatever your favorite cleansing method is—be sure you do a thorough job. For most girls soap-and-water washing twice a day does the trick. But, please, not just a hit-or-miss soaping or slapdash rinsing that doesn't quite remove all the soot and grime and leaves a film of soap to boot. Here's how to cleanse properly:

1. If you use a creamy make-up base, dissolve and remove this first with cleansing cream and tissues. Even if you don't use a make-up base, you may want to start with cleansing cream, especially if your skin tends to be dry.

2. Draw a basin of lukewarm water. Use a rough-textured washcloth or complexion brush and work up a good lather

with a mild soap. Massage lather all over your face and neck, especially around the nose and chin where the oil glands are most active.

3. Rinse thoroughly. A lemon rinse is refreshing, and with it you can be sure you're not leaving a fine film of soap on your skin. All that you do is squeeze the juice of half a lemon into the rinse water. A lemon rinse will also tend to make your summer tan fade more quickly or to lighten that crop of freckles you may have gotten during vacation days in the sun. Or you may find it pleasant and easy to finish off with a lightly scented skin freshener.

If the constant use of soap *does* seem to irritate your skin, you may be happier substituting one of the new washing creams or liquids that lather up in water. Many of these are made especially for over-oily skin; others are designed for sensitive or disturbed skin.

Healthy, too. Important as proper cleansing is, it isn't the whole story of a clear skin. Remember that following ordinary rules of general health will help, too. In fact, a poor complexion is often a barometer of poor physical condition. The wrong foods, lack of exercise and rest, and faulty elimination may be the cause of pimples. (Continued on page 38)

"The gang's all here"—in snapshots

There's nothing like "pin-ups" to keep memories of the gang fresh in mind. They put life in the stories you tell of your good times. And snapshots are a cinch. With today's flash cameras you get good pictures anytime — anywhere. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N.Y.



Kodak Film gets the picture.
It's the film in the familiar yellow box.



Get your free copy of "It's a Snap"

Kodak's famous book designed for
High School and College people.

Write to: John VanGuilder, Room
802, Eastman Kodak Company,
Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak

get in the game with "VARSITY"

your new football scarf
by Glentex



Your favorite team will cheer you when you wear this colorful, generous sized pure silk square by Glentex. Hand rolled.

About \$2, at your favorite store or write Glensder Textile Corp., 417 Fifth Ave., New York 16

Glentex
scarfs

fashion favors scarfs...
Scarf Jubilee, Sept. 17th thru 22nd

ALL AMERICAN "Style Team"
...American Girl
HATS



BETTY ANN HATS, Inc.
25 West 36th Street, New York 18

HEY KIDS!
LOOK BELOW

YOU CAN MAKE
\$40
QUICK 'N' EASY

JUST SELL 50
BOXES OF OUR HARD-TO-GET
METALLIC FOIL
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Here is really an exciting way to make extra money quick 'n' easy.

Just show our exceptionally beautiful line of Christmas Cards to friends, neighbors and folks your family does business with.

Feature our rich and sparkling metallic foil personal cards, an exceptional value in these days of shortages and substitutes.

Write for free selling kit, just chockfull of novelties, specialties and selling helps. Get sample boxes of our best selling Christmas Cards on approval.

MAIL NOW!

CHARLES C. SCHWER CO.,
165 ELM ST., DEPT. 1E, WESTFIELD, MASS.

YES! I want to make extra money! Rush FREE METAL FOIL Imprinted Christmas Card Samples. Include assortment on approval.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

talk

by JONNI BURKE

Drawings by Liel Well



Create a match-mate. Beanie of fine suede and twelve suede buttons to sew on blouses, sweaters, skirts in kelly, beige, red, royal are only \$1.10 per set, at Sills & Co., 39 W. 37 St., New York City

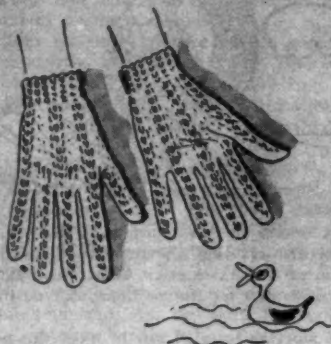


A purse to carry with pride. Made of split cowhide, it has a drawstring front and clasp closing. Shoulder strap is adjustable. By Youthmode, it's \$3* at Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo

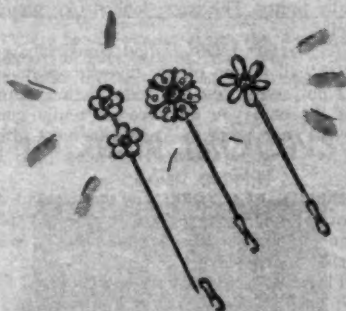


Hang your initials on Vogue's narrow cowhide belt that comes with two block letters of cowhide. Sizes 24-30, \$2. Add 25¢ for each additional letter. Hutzler Bros., Baltimore

A little money buys a lot of variety. Six accessories for \$3 each or less



String gloves of Orlon, the easy-to-wash, quick-drying yarn. By Dawnelle, small, medium, large, in champagne, sand, pink, chamois. \$2.50 at B. Altman & Co., New York City.



Coro's dainty flower stickpins look frivolous but are so practical. Made of golden metal, they have enameled petals and colored jewel centers. \$1* at Burdine's, Miami, Fla.



Glentex's soft "necktie" of grosgrain and velvet ribbon has two fluted grosgrain flowers with velvet centers. Black, red, navy, and brown. \$1 at Hutzler Bros., Baltimore

*Please add 20% Federal tax

Please order items direct from stores listed and mention *The American Girl*

You're a Hit
... wherever you go

in your snappy,
and attention-getting,
Girl Scout uniform.

You just naturally attract plenty of admiring glances... because of the way you look... because your uniform means something very special. It shows that you belong to an organization the whole town is proud of.

Good-looking!

Your official Girl Scout uniform is beautifully made in a style becoming to *you*. Sturdy, cotton covert in green. Sanforized, washable.

Uniform, 8-20.	0-100—6.50
Chubby, 10 1/2-16 1/2.	9-100C—6.50
Tie in troop color.	0-120— .60
Web Belt, 24-42".	0-130— .50
Beret, 21 to 24".	0-144—1.50
Socks, 8 1/2- 11.	7-101— .55

Your complete uniform can be purchased at your local Girl Scout Equipment Agency.

GIRL SCOUTS of the U.S.A.
National Equipment Service
New York — St. Louis — San Francisco

Only a registered Girl Scout may wear this uniform





BAROSUND, FINLAND: Your magazine is wonderful. I have read few numbers and I'm very interested of them. My American friend has subscribed it to me. I especially am interested in "Be Prepared" and *The Music Stand*. Latter 'cause I myself play piano. I just read different stories, as I understand. The dresses are lovely. I get plenty of ideas about them. Hope we could have more of those! I have no more words to explain how I like *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

I'm waiting hopefully the next issue.

Eeva Rinne (age 14)

LEBANON, ILLINOIS: To comment on *Kilroy Was There*. My father is an Aberdeen Angus breeder, and I would like to say Angus cattle are just as good if not better than "whitefaces."

They are a new breed, but are in great demand, even in the West, which is supposed to be "whiteface" country.

Ruzha Pfeffer

P.S. The ending was wonderful, Angus in first place.

SIMSBURY, CONNECTICUT: I think all your covers are beautiful, but the July one beats them all. However, I don't think it would be half so grand if the dog weren't in it.

By You is working out wonderfully. Please keep it up next year.

I am not a Girl Scout, but I always read the stories about Scouting.

Carol Laughrey (age 13)

SOMERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS: The unusual conclusions of *No More Foul-ups* and *Kilroy Was There* made good reading.

The feature on making gifts early for Christmas is an excellent idea and I intend to get at it immediately.

Inasmuch as I am an active Girl Scout, the feature *All Over the Map* holds particular interest for me. Your new department, "Be Prepared," promises to be very interesting and helpful. The information included in this department is vital to every girl, no matter what her interest may be. All in all your topics, stories, and feature articles make for excellent discussion periods with the other girls, many of whom are subscribers.

Marilyn Swift (age 12)

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA: Being a teen-ager isn't easy, and your helpful suggestions, such as how to do your hair, how to talk to boys, how to act at a dance and others, have helped many a teen-ager, as well as myself, in growing up.

Linda Davis (age 13)

VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON: I had to write a letter and congratulate you on your July

cover. I like all your covers but this one is more like a real American girl.

No More Foul-ups and *Kilroy Was There* were both very good, *A Girl Called Hank* is in my opinion the best serial you have had so far.

By You is wonderful because it gives us girls a chance to show our talents.

Donna Monroe (age 13)

LACOMBE, LOUISIANA: In the July issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* you had an article on amateur radio. I am interested in this because my father is a "ham." He has talked to people all over the world. He has never yet done any rescue work by radio, but he has helped people get in touch with relatives.

I am interested in radio and may someday become a "ham."

Martha Bird (age 14)

ROTHSCHILD, WISCONSIN: I think "Be Prepared" is just tops. My friends think so, too. The patterns are all hits with me. I always read *The Music Stand* because I am very fond of music. *Speaking of Movies* is also very nice.

Jeanette Spindler (age 10)

NEWINGTON, CONNECTICUT: I decided to write and tell you about an amusing incident

Attention, Readers!

Beginning October 15, 1951, new subscription rates to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* will be in effect. We urge you to send in your renewal now, for as long a term as possible, at the present rate. If you do not already subscribe to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, now is your chance to order before the rates go up.

	Now	October 15, 1951
1 year	\$2.00	\$2.50
2 years	\$3.00	4.00
3 years	4.00	5.50
4 years	5.00	7.00

Send your order to us right away. Even if your present subscription does not expire for some time, send your renewal now and save money. On page 52 of this issue you will find a special coupon. Fill it in and mail it to us with your remittance without delay. Save money by ordering *THE AMERICAN GIRL* now.

that occurred this morning. I have been patiently awaiting the arrival of my July issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Each day I would watch for the postman, but no magazine.

Today, as usual, I ran to meet the postman. He was walking very slowly, reading a magazine. I soon found out what magazine it was. *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I guess even postmen think it's tops.

I know I think so.

Judy Ann Druce (age 14)

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Your July cover was very attractive and the Irish setter was really pretty. The cover looked like summer itself.

The serial, *A Girl Called Hank*, is super. Basketball is one of my favorite sports.

I only wish you had more fiction stories, but the ones you do have are really good. I wish your magazine came out more often.

Carol Hofmann (age 13)

PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK: The story about Althea Gibson is very good. I saw her play tennis at Forest Hills. I think she is a wonderful tennis player.

Please have some more sport stories.

Betsy Frantz (age 11)

CRYSTAL VILLAGE, MINNESOTA: I received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Magazine as a gift for winning a T-V spelling bee. Till then I never quite realized how good a magazine can be! It has everything a girl would want. If you're sports-minded as I am, *A Girl Called Hank* is tops. The fashions are keen and the hints and things to beautify your room are wonderful.

Being a member of Cadette Troop 23, I immensely enjoy the Girl Scout articles.

Pat Hommes (age 12)

HOMER, MICHIGAN: *Kilroy Was There* and *No More Foul-ups* were both very good.

Recipe Exchange and your patterns are very helpful in my 4-H work.

I think the *By You* section is wonderful. I wish you would have more stories about Pat Downing, horses and dogs.

Roberta Poynter (age 14)

NYSSA, OREGON: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a very short time, but when it first arrived you might say it was love at first sight. I think it is the best girls' magazine yet. I like hearing about the doings of the Girl Scouts, even though I am not one myself. I also like the fashions. Could you have more of them? And let's have more grooming for younger girls.

Be Fair to Your Feet was an excellent

article, and I'm sure most of the girls needed it.
PATRICIA JEAN BARCLAY (age 12)

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: I think your stories are wonderful, and in the July issue I especially liked *No More Foul-ups*.

I love the pattern department and *Your Own Recipe Exchange* because I am interested in sewing and cooking.

Your grooming tips are awfully nice and I especially liked *Be Fair to Your Feet* because I have trouble with my feet.

Please have some more sport stories.

MARJORIE EDMUND (age 12)

DREXEL HILL, PENNSYLVANIA: While reading *A Penny for Your Thoughts*, I found that many readers chose *A Girl Called Hank* as their favorite serial. Though I like it very much and can't wait until the concluding chapter, I think *The Mystery of Garnet Lodge*, which appeared in your magazine some time ago, was the best. Please have more mystery serials in the future.

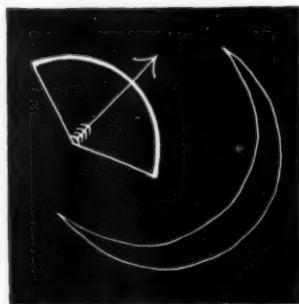
I hope you soon have an article about Canadian girls as Barbara Meisner suggested. Your articles *Teen-Ager . . . French Style* and *Teen-Ager . . . Hindu Style* are wonderful ways of helping American girls to understand their sisters all over the world. This is the one way to help bring about world peace! Please keep up the good work.

JUDY LOVE (age 14)

Please send your letters to The American Girl, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y., and tell us your age and address.

INDIAN MOONS

by CRAVEN GRIFFITH



SEPTEMBER

HUNTING MOON

*September—and a Hunting Moon
Quieter the laughing loon
The stinging arrow sings "beware"
The rigid roebuck scents the air
Wary now the gray raccoon
September—and a Hunting Moon.*

The American Indians used to, and in some tribes still do, identify their months by moons. Each moon was given a name and a symbol. These names and symbols were really meaningful to the Indians, because they described something about nature and the out-of-doors that was important in their lives. Names of the moons varied among the different tribes. For September, the name adopted and approved by the American Indian Association as being most nearly correct and most widely used is "Hunting Moon." September was also known as "Corn Festival Moon" by some tribes.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

TRUE OR FALSE?



You gain weight at "that time of the month"

FALSE. A few days before your period begins you may feel you've suddenly put on pounds. You haven't—that "fat" feeling is just a sign that "those days" are near. It'll vanish as fast as it came—so don't worry.

In fact, it's silly to worry about "those days" at all—and you won't if

you read a copy of the Modess booklet, "Growing Up and Liking It." Young, friendly and gayly illustrated, this booklet tells all about "growing up." Approved by doctors, it's full of "do's" and "don't's" and wonderful tips on health, beauty and poise.

Mail coupon below for your *free* copy.

TRUE OR FALSE?

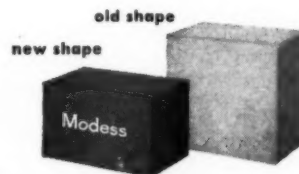
All napkin boxes are conspicuous

FALSE. No one would suspect you're carrying napkins when you tuck a wrapped Modess box under your arm.

For Modess now comes in a *new-shape, discreet-shape* box. Already wrapped before it even reaches your store, this wonderfully tactful Modess package looks like a box of note paper or candy or tissues.

Comfortable, safe Modess comes in

3 sizes: Regular (for average needs) . . . Junior (narrower) . . . Super (extra-protective.) And for added comfort and security use Modess Sanitary Belts. In pin or pinless styles.



Send now for your **FREE** Modess Booklet!



Anne Shelby, Personal Products Corp., Box 5151-9, Milltown, N. J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a **FREE** copy of "Growing Up and Liking It." (Good only in U. S. A. and Canada)

Name

Address

City

State Age

Keep a Recipe Scrapbook

You're a wonderful cook in a jiffy . . . when you make this impressive salad for Mom or the gang!*



Luscious Luncheon Salad

Combine 4 c. cooked lima beans, ¼ lb. salami cut in slivers, ¾ c. chopped celery, 1 tbs. minced onion, ½ c. Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise, 1 tsp.

cider vinegar, ½ tsp. salt, 1/16 tsp. white pepper. Chill thoroughly. Serve on lettuce, garnished with radishes and additional mayonnaise. (Serves 6)*



*Activity 11 for your Cook Proficiency Badge

...requires that you "prepare a hearty salad containing meat, cheese, or eggs to serve as a main dish for luncheon." Make this delightful salad at home to complete this activity, and notify your Troop Leader.



Famous for salads, and for making so many easy dishes taste so good . . . that's Best Foods or Hellmann's Whole-Egg Mayonnaise! And no wonder . . . it's made with freshly-broken whole eggs plus extra egg yolks! Just taste the difference between mayonnaise made with egg yolks alone and Best Foods or Hellmann's! Finer in flavor, smoother in texture, it's America's favorite mayonnaise!

Best Foods · HELLMANN'S



IN THE WEST →

← IN THE EAST

*Whole-Egg
Mayonnaise*

Your Own Recipe Exchange

(Continued from page 22)

Mix all ingredients together, blending well. Pack in a loaf pan and bake in 350° F. oven until crisp and browned, about 45 minutes. Serves 4 to 6.

Sent by MARIE RINEX, Canton, Missouri

BRAISED LIVER WITH VEGETABLES

An interesting, hearty dish—easy to make. You may substitute pork liver if you are budget-minded. But if you do, cover liver with boiling water before cutting into squares, and let stand 15 minutes. Drain and proceed as with beef liver. Try serving fluffy mashed potatoes, buttered rice or noodles with this dish.

1 pound beef liver,	1 medium onion, sliced
½" to ¾" thick	¼ cup diced celery
1½ tablespoons flour	2 carrots, sliced
½ teaspoon salt	2 cups cooked or
¼ teaspoon pepper	canned tomatoes
2 tablespoons melted	strained
fat	½ bay leaf

Cut liver into 2-inch squares; roll in flour combined with salt and pepper. Brown on all sides in hot, melted fat. Remove liver and arrange in casserole dish. Brown onion, celery, and carrots slightly in the same fat, then place on top of liver. Pour tomatoes over them and place bay leaf on top. Cover dish tightly and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1½ to 2 hours or until liver and vegetables are tender. Serves 6.

Sent by ARDELLE ROBINSON,
Schenectady, New York

TÖLTÖT KÁPOSXTA

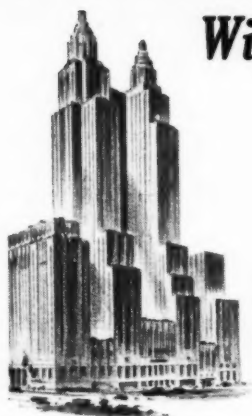
Alexandra says she received this recipe from an aunt who lived in Hungary.

8 medium-sized cab-	1 tablespoon minced
bage leaves	onion
1½ pounds fresh pork,	1 tablespoon un-
ground	cooked rice
1 teaspoon salt	¼ teaspoon paprika
¼ teaspoon black	1 tablespoon cream
pepper	4 cups sauerkraut
1 egg, beaten slightly	½ cup thick sour cream

Parboil cabbage leaves in slightly salted water for 5 minutes to make them limp, then drain thoroughly. Trim off heavy veins without cutting through leaf. Mix meat and remaining ingredients, except sauerkraut and sour cream, and form into 8 meat balls. Lay the stem end of cabbage leaf in the palm of your hand, place a meat ball on it, and roll leaf tightly around meat ball. (If these are rolled tightly, they do not need to be fastened with toothpicks.) Place 2 cups sauerkraut in the bottom of a large kettle and lay the rolls in it. A sprig of dill may be added if desired. Cover with remaining 2 cups of sauerkraut. Add water to within an inch of the top of contents. Cover and simmer slowly for 1½ hours. To serve, make a border of loose sauerkraut on a large deep platter and place the meat rolls in the center. To the juice in the kettle, add ½ cup thick sour cream. Heat thoroughly and pour over the dish. Serve with rye bread. Serves 8.

Sent by ALEXANDRA CHASSY,
Spokane, Washington
THE END

Please turn to page 50 for next
month's Recipe Exchange Announcement



Win a Trip to New York in

Pillsbury's BEST

JUNIOR ^{Grand National} Recipe & Baking Contest

(for girls and boys 12 but not 20 on July 1, 1951)

Your favorite recipe may win \$5,000 . . . or any of the 229 prizes for Junior Bakers only in this added feature of Pillsbury's 3rd Grand National \$100,000 Recipe and Baking Contest

It could happen to you! Imagine a trip to New York City . . . a two-day stay at the glamorous Waldorf-Astoria . . . the excitement of the Bake-off . . . the hushed air of expectation at the Awards luncheon

(packed with celebrities) . . . where you might win \$5,000 or one of the other big Junior prizes.

You may win with the plainest kind of recipe. Timesaving or economy recipes . . . up-to-the-minute recipes or cherished family favorites . . . foreign or novelty recipes . . . all have a chance to win part of the \$10,250 in cash prizes. (These prizes are for Junior Bakers only; no one over 20 can compete for them.)

It's easy and fun to enter. No need for fancy writing. No jingles, no essays. Just enter one of your favorite recipes for cakes, pies, cookies, breads, main dishes or desserts.

Hurry! 25 trips to the Waldorf . . . 229 Junior prizes in all . . . are waiting! Get started now. Your entry must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1951. Get rules and entry blank at your grocer's (or use coupon below). Get into Pillsbury's Junior Grand National Contest. Don't miss out!



4 Girl Scout Winners: Last year there were 4 Girl Scouts among the 25 Junior Finalists in the Pillsbury Bake-off. In this picture, Kathleen Boyd, Mona Benn and Pauline Kielb are admiring the Homemaking Badge of Barbara Maddock of Los Angeles, California. Barbara won the 3rd Junior Prize of \$1,000. YOU may be a big winner this year!

ENTER NOW! GET COMPLETE RULES AND ENTRY BLANK AT YOUR GROCER'S

(or mail handy coupon today)



If you are 20 or over, you may enter the Regular Pillsbury 3rd Grand National \$100,000 Recipe and Baking Contest

\$116,500 in Prizes (not including Junior Contest) 75 trips to the Waldorf in New York.

FIRST PRIZE \$25,000

SECOND PRIZE \$10,000

THIRD PRIZE \$4,000

543 prizes in all!

It's easy to enter! Complete rules and entry blanks are now at your grocer's.

\$22,000

Total Value Junior Awards

229 Junior Prizes in all

\$10,250 in Junior Cash Prizes

To the 25 Junior Recipe Contest Winners—a trip to New York City and a two-day stay at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel (at Pillsbury expense) in order to compete in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf in the Baking Contest, plus a cash prize of \$50 each.

The same trip will be provided at Pillsbury expense for one parent or approved adult for each of the 25 Junior prize winners.

To the winners of the Junior Baking Contest—

FIRST PRIZE \$5,000

SECOND PRIZE \$3,000

THIRD PRIZE \$1,000

To the 25 Junior Contestants in the Baking Contest at the Waldorf-Astoria—

25 General Electric Stratoliner Push-Button Ranges

25 General Electric Mixers

25 Samson Deluxe Folding Tables

25 Samson Upholstered Folding Chairs

Bonus Award for Junior First-Prize Winner: a General Electric Home Freezer. (To qualify for this award, register at a G-E appliance retailer.) Entries must be postmarked before midnight, October 15, 1951.

**Pillsbury Recipe Contest, Dept. AG, Box 1191
Minneapolis, Minnesota**

Please send me complete Rules and Entry Blank for Pillsbury's Best 3rd Grand National \$100,000 Recipe and Baking Contest.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

NOTE: Request for Rules and Entry Blank must be received on or before Oct. 5, 1951. Rules and Entry Blank cannot be sent after that date. Contest closes Oct. 15, 1951.

STRANGER THAN FICTION! ^{by Taylor}

NO MORE
EMBARRASSMENT
OF PIMPLES

NEW SKIN-COLORED
MIRACLE
MEDICATION FOR

PIMPLES

CALLED
"CLEARASIL"
WORKS WHILE IT
HIDES PIMPLES
AMAZINGLY!

CLEARASIL
COMBINES ACTIVE
MEDICATIONS USED
BY MANY LEADING
SKIN SPECIALISTS
- A REVOLUTIONARY
FORMULA NEVER
NATIONALLY
ADVERTISED BEFORE!

**GUARANTEE: CLEARASIL MUST AMAZE YOU
THE FIRST TIME YOU USE IT - OR MONEY BACK.**

Clearasil

genuine medicine for external application to
PIMPLES and ACNE



**ENTIRELY
NEW!**
**CLEARASIL IS
SKIN-COLORED TO
HIDE PIMPLES DAY
AND NIGHT WHILE
IT WORKS.**
**NOT A GREASY
OINTMENT
BUT A FAST-
DRYING CREAM...
IT'S
ASTOUNDING!**

AT ALL
DRUGGISTS
ONLY **59¢**
ECONOMY SIZE 90¢

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Let's Face It

(Continued from page 30)

blackheads, over-oily or sluggish skin. After all, your skin is part of your body. If you neglect your health, your complexion may take the consequences.

During vacation you may have slipped up occasionally on daily health habits. Now that you're getting back to a regular school-day schedule, you will probably find it easier to put into practice the following rules of good health which are such good complexion insurance: Get those eight hours of sleep each night. Eat a variety of fresh vegetables and fruit and drink plenty of water every day. Take some exercise daily in the fresh air—winter as well as summer—to stir up circulation and put a glow on your cheeks.

Fair and clear. To keep your skin soft and smooth, you need to protect it from overexposure to too much sun, too much cold, and too much wind. Vanishing creams, weather lotions, and chap creams pay off in soft, fine-textured skin now and for many years to come.

Summer, of course, is the season when you are out-of-doors the most. If you've been wise, you will have used some protective preparation before prolonged exposure. But if you've been careless about overexposure all summer, and your skin is too dry and perhaps even a bit weather-roughened, then rub in a little lubricating cream before you go to bed each night. And don't forget that, the year round, there's always weather that's hard on an unprotected skin.

Of course you want your skin free of blackheads and pimples at all times but, for your new school classes and fall parties, you are more than eager to have a clear skin.

To get the best of blackheads, try giving yourself a cleansing meal or grains treatment at least once a week, along with your twice a day cleanup. It takes only a few extra minutes, and you'll be surprised how helpful it can be for sluggish, clogged-up pores. Here's how: After cleansing thoroughly, dip a washcloth in hot water, wring it out, and steam your face by holding the cloth over it for a few minutes. This opens up the pores and softens the blackheads. Mix cleansing meal or grains with water to form a paste. Massage all over the face, with special attention to the areas where blackheads have formed. Rinse off, first with warm water, then with cold.

Please! Do not squeeze blackheads. You may have been doing this successfully up to now, but you run the risk of infection and instead of a blackhead you will be the sad possessor of an ugly pimple.

If you do get an occasional "spot," don't tamper with it. Use an antiseptic drying preparation (such as zinc ointment, alcohol, calamine lotion, and so on) and keep hands off until it clears up.

Chronic pimples may be the early signs of acne, particularly if they also appear on the chest or back and near the hairline. Acne can usually be cleared up and scarring prevented if you don't let it slide on the theory that there's nothing to do about it but "outgrow" the condition. There are a good many things that can be done—special diet, extra vitamins, special preparations—but don't try to prescribe for yourself. See your doctor at the first sign of trouble.

Pretty plus. If you've reached the stage where you like to help nature along by

NEW, DIFFERENT, EXCLUSIVE Sell **CHRISTMAS CARDS** \$1.25 50 WITH NAME IMPRINTED Pen - 'n - Brush **STUDIOS** FREE SAMPLES

EARN EXTRA \$\$
BIG BONUS PLAN
EARN UP TO AND
**OVER 100%
PROFIT!**

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Write for Samples

DEAL WITH A LEADER. EARN BIG EXTRA MONEY
IN FULL OR SPARE TIME.

\$50 & MORE Yours for selling only 100
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AMAZING profits with greatest of ease.

You take NO RISK Send postal card to-
day for box assort-
ment samples on approval. You also get free
samples easy-to-sell personal Christmas cards, station-
ery, napkins. It costs nothing to try. **Write TODAY.**

PEN-'N-BRUSH, Dept. GS-9, 139 Duane St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

Armstrong
THE NAME
TO REMEMBER IN
Flutes AND Piccolos

America's finest
silver-plated flute

AT FINE MUSIC
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

W. T. ARMSTRONG COMPANY • ELKHART, INDIANA

FREE PHOTO FOLDER ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will send you a beautiful 7x5" professional enlargement made from your favorite snapshot, picture or negative. By return mail we will send FREE photo folder. Send ad, snapshot and 10¢ today! **SPECIAL!** Kodak roll developer and printed (with this ad) only 25¢.

10¢

AMERICAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1, La Crosse, Wis. Montgomery Clift

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using a touch of make-up, you'll find that make-up base or foundation cream acts as a protective and gives your skin an even tone.

For young skins, a vanishing cream or lotion that isn't sticky or greasy is often a wise choice. If you are self-conscious about a crop of freckles or have a splotchy fading tan, you can cover up with a tinted cream or liquid. Since many of these preparations have an oily base, they also act as a lubricant. For a skin that is inclined to be oily, a liquid powder is a good idea. For skin that tends to "break out" with pimples now and then, a medicated cream or lotion may be helpful.

Do you use lipstick? Then do check it to see whether the color you've been using all summer blends with your fall wardrobe. Usually, a deeper, rosy red looks better with the dark colors of back-to-school clothes than the coral or flame reds that are so pretty with summer pastels. If you use face powder—either every day or just for party occasions—you'll probably need to switch to a lighter-toned powder. But, be careful that it isn't lighter than your true skin tone, or you'll look as if you were dipped in a flour barrel.

Those of you who are just starting to wear lipstick should use a light touch—and do learn to keep the outline even and clear. Don't just dab it on. For that just-a-little-redder-than-natural effect, try the kind of lipstick that just tints the lips. Or maybe lip pomade will do the trick for you.

But remember, if you do use any make-up at all, that it's like the frosting on the cake. No matter how pretty the frosting looks, it can't make a poor cake better. No matter how artful your effort, you can't hide poor skin beneath fancy cover-up. A little expense of time and effort now is a sure investment in a valuable good-looks asset—a complexion that is smooth and clear and glowing with health—lovely at all times, make-up or no.

THE END

The Red Coat

(Continued from page 13)

doctor did, Janey. Danny's had that stomach-ache for three days, so today I took him to the doctor. He says it's Danny's appendix, and he wants to operate at once."

Janey's heart touched bottom. "Will it be expensive?" she asked, but she knew the answer.

"I'm afraid so," murmured her mother. "And coming right on top of the expense of moving—" Impatiently she pushed back a strand of hair.

"I tried on a lovely red coat today," Janey said, slowly. "I was asked to model it. I thought maybe—oh, Mother, I wish I could have it."

A worried frown creased her mother's forehead.

"I wish you could, too, Janey. But you know how it is. Your father isn't earning as much as he was, and with Lois at teachers' college, and now this. Maybe next year—"

"I know," said Janey soberly, and went into the dining room to set the table. What a selfish beast I am, she thought. Poor Danny has to have the operation, and Mother and Dad have the worry. How could I think about my new coat just now! But it's now I need the coat, she added rebelliously, and swallowed a lump in her throat. She felt a little better later when the mem-

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ory of the admiring expression in Rusty's eyes had dimmed. It wasn't as if she expected to see him again. If only I could have told him my name, she thought. But I know his, she told herself. I could call him up and explain why I couldn't see him after the Farm Bureau meeting. Then maybe—but she put the temptation away from her. The idea of running after a boy was distasteful.

She was thrilled a day or two later when she consulted her football schedule and found Westbrook High was playing South Portland High the very next Saturday. Maybe—maybe—Rusty would be on the team. Sitting on the bleachers, in the cheering section, she scanned the line-up eagerly. There was no Emery listed. Although it was nearly November, it was an Indian-summer day, and she was comfortable in her lightweight yellow cardigan and glad she could postpone the day when she would have to put on the blue plaid coat for keeps.

All through the game, which South Portland High won, she found herself watching for Rusty, but she didn't catch a glimpse of him anywhere. She went home alone after the game. She was aware that Evelyn Sawyer and Phoebe Carrol, talking across her at the game, had dates for that evening. Someone was giving a party. Being a new girl wasn't much fun. She felt a homesick pang for the old gang back home, who had always wound up the week with a wienie roast, or bowling, or something.

The next Saturday she almost decided not to go to the football game. But Danny, recovering from his appendectomy, wanted to go, and her mother urged her to go along and keep an eye on him.

"He'll be racing off somewhere if he goes by himself," she told Janey. "And he's supposed to be fairly quiet for a while." So Janey agreed to go.

"I'll look like a dope with no one but my kid brother to latch onto at a football game," she told herself resignedly, reaching for the blue plaid coat in the hall closet. She set out for the game in a mood of the same indigo hue. Later, as she and Danny mixed with the gay crowds on foot and in cars, all converging on the stadium, her spirits lifted. It was perfect football weather. Overhead the sky was a cloudless blue and the air had a tang to it. Danny, trudging beside her, seemed to be in holiday mood, too.

"I think maybe I'm going to like it in Westbrook when we've been here a little longer," he confided, and Janey felt guilty. She had not realized he had been lonesome, too. She stopped at a refreshment stand and bought him an ice-cream cone.

"Do you like it here yet?" he pursued, licking hungrily at his cone.

Janey hesitated.

"We'll, maybe I will, when I get to know some of the kids a little better," she admitted.

"Yeah, so they come to the house. We always had a crowd around back home—I mean back in Massachusetts—didn't we? But we will here—you wait and see."

Once inside the gate Danny spied his Scout master and some of the boys in his troop and promptly deserted her. "Don't wait for me," he told her. "Mr. Lewis says he'll drive me home."

"Okay, but remember to take it easy," she cautioned him, and climbed to the cheering section, smiling a little at the



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thought that maybe he felt as relieved at not having to tag along with her as she did not to have him.

She found a seat next to Sally Warner. The girls moved along cordially to make room for her, and she hoped maybe it was just her imagination which had made her feel they weren't friendly. "If only I had some cute clothes—a new coat instead of this old thing—they would probably like me well enough," she told herself. But she pulled the blue plaid coat across her knees, glad of its warmth, for the wind was cold today. She observed that Evelyn Sawyer was wearing a coat very like the bright-red one, only Evelyn's was dark green. It was an effort to keep from feeling envious.

Between the halves Janey signaled Danny to meet her at the refreshment stand just inside the gate. It was mobbed, of course, and they had to wait, but presently she managed to treat him to a hamburger and a coke and get one for herself. She was making her way back to the cheering section when, above the stirring music of the band, she heard a "Hi!" that had a vaguely familiar ring. A second later a hand fell on her arm. She turned quickly. Her eyes widened. It was Rusty Emery, attired in brown corduroys and a honey of a tan cable-stitched sweater, with every coppery hair on his head in place and gleaming in the sun. She hadn't noticed before what nice gray eyes he had.

He was clutching a hot dog in one hand. He tucked the other under her arm sociably and fell into step beside her.

"Talk about Cinderella!" he said. "You didn't even leave a slipper behind."

"You mean you've been looking for me?" Janey asked, amazed. Her heart skipped a beat. "And how! What became of you that day I met you in town? I waited by the front door till everyone had left the building, but I didn't see you. Maybe you didn't get me when I tried to tell you I would see you after the jamboree?"

"Oh, yes," Janey said. "I did, but I couldn't wait. I had to catch a bus, so I hurried out the side door."

"You could have called me," he accused her. "After all, I told you my name, but I didn't know yours except that I heard that woman call you Janice."

"It's Janice—Janey—Blair," she told him hastily.

"Do you have a phone?" he asked. He took a bite from his hot dog, watching her with his nice gray eyes.

"Oh, yes."

"But you didn't call up."

"Well—no."

"I didn't think you would," he stated quietly, and something told her that had made him even more eager to find her.

"You'd be surprised how many Janices go to Westbrook High," Rusty said. It sounded as though he really had tried to find her. Janey hoped she wasn't blushing. They were standing in front of the cheering section, and now the band was filing back to its place.

"Look," said Rusty swiftly, "Will you wait for me just outside the gate on the Westbrook side after the game? My seat's on the other side."

"Yes, I will."

He started to leave and then came back. "We played your school last week, too," he said. "I looked for you."

"I was here," Janey replied. "It's funny. I—"



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you—we didn't see each other. I looked for your name in the line-up. I thought maybe you played on the team."

"Shucks! I can't see how I missed you. I did play last year, but I got a trick knee—I had to give it up."

The whistle shrilled and someone yelled, "Down in front."

"Be sure and wait," Rusty counseled, lifting his hand in a gesture of farewell.

"I will," Janey assured him, and climbed to her seat, walking on air.

She was not prepared for the barrage of voices that greeted her from her seatmates. She hadn't realized—so absorbed had she been in talking with Rusty and so delighted he had found her—that standing together in front of the cheering section they had had as much privacy as the proverbial goldfish.

"Who's the handsome redhead?" "I always liked ginger!" were some of the remarks which came to her ears. Evelyn Sawyer, who had never addressed her directly before, asked bluntly, "What's his name?"

"Emery—Rusty Emery," Janey answered, and was thankful that Westbrook High made a touchdown just then which tied the score and drew attention away from her.

Carried along with the crowd, she became separated from the girls at the end of the game. When the jam at the gate dissolved, there was Rusty waiting for her. Her heart gave a lurch—he was keen.

His gray eyes lighted at sight of her.

"No bus to make this time, I hope?" he said. She shook her head.

"I'll take you home if you're not too proud. I brought a couple of fellows with me, but I told them to latch onto someone else going back. Okay?"

"Okay," she repeated, happily. Everything was okay—everything was beautiful. Janey could not remember when she had felt so—oh, so on top of the world.

Rusty steered her toward the parking space, and she fell into step beside him, her sunny head reaching just to his shoulder.

"You look neat in that coat," he said, looking down at her.

"What—this old thing?" she asked, startled, and immediately regretted the remark.

"Is it old?" he asked her, and looked surprised. "I don't know much about gals' clothes, I guess. Only I like the color—it just matches your eyes."

Janey was sure she was blushing now.

"My mother says any color is all right with me as long as it's blue," he added, grinning.

"Janice Blair—wait!" Janey turned her head. They had reached the parking lot now, and there was Evelyn Sawyer sitting at the wheel of the snappy maroon roadster she drove to school. With her were two girls Janey knew only slightly. They were both goggle-eyed at Rusty.

"Look, I'm having a sort of open house after the game," Evelyn said. "Right now, I mean. I'd like to have you come, Janice." Then why hadn't she asked her when they were sitting almost beside each other at the game?

"I'd like to have your friend come, too," Evelyn said prettily, fluttering her lashes at Rusty. Janey introduced him to the girls. She thought he looked just a little bored. But he looked at her questioningly, waiting for her to answer Evelyn.

Janey had a sudden vision of the blue plaid coat lying across the bed at Evelyn's

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house, among all the fur-trimmed cloth coats and short fur jackets of the other girls in Evelyn's crowd. She was thankful she didn't have to make up an excuse as she said truthfully, "Thank you—I have to baby sit at half-past six. But if you—" She looked at Rusty and waited, almost holding her breath. She couldn't bear it if he left her to accept Evelyn's invitation.

"My folks are expecting me home, thank you," Rusty said politely but firmly.

"Some other time then," Evelyn said, and smiled sweetly.

Janey laughed aloud when she saw the bright-blue jalopy with the red wheels, all painted over with crazy signs. It was so exactly like the one Buzzer Smith had had back in Quincy, Massachusetts. She felt right at home as she climbed in beside Rusty.

"I hope I didn't keep you from going to Evelyn's if you wanted to," she shouted above the shattering roar of the engine.

Rusty shook his head.

"Sometimes a fellow likes to do the asking," he said. He smiled down at her, and she was content. She felt her spirits rising steadily as they drove through town. The fact that Westbrook had won the game; the smell of burning leaves in the air; and best of all, Rusty here beside her and the knowledge that he liked her—every sensation seemed to be intensified into a brilliant and beautiful whole. She couldn't remember when she had been so happy.

She half expected Rusty would drop her off at the house, but he parked at the curb and they shuffled up the path through the fallen leaves together. Suddenly Rusty sniffed.

"Mm! Is that gingerbread I smell?"

"I wouldn't wonder," Janey told him. "Mom always bakes on Saturdays. Wait."

She went inside. In a minute she was back with two huge buttered squares. They sat down on the steps together. Rusty took

a bite and rolled his eyes. "Boyl!" he said, reverently. "This is real!"

They sat on, talking of this and that. Suddenly the clock on the church next door struck six.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Janey, jumping up. "I have to be at Mrs. Wright's in half an hour."

"I have to go home, too," Rusty said, and got up reluctantly. "But don't do a Cinderella act on me again, will you? Uh—what about the Thanksgiving Day game? I suppose you wouldn't go to see any school play except Westbrook, would you?"

"I couldn't go to see *any* school play, period!" Janey said. "We always have a houseful of people that day. You never saw a family with as many aunts and cousins as we have. I have to stay home and help my mother with the dinner."

"Well, how about next Saturday then? It's the last one before the holiday. South Portland High has an open date, but I could come out, and we could go to the Westbrook game together. Maybe we could go some place in the evening?"

"Fine!" She wished she dared ask him to supper instead of his having to go way back home, but he had said, "Sometimes a fellow likes to do the asking," so she remained silent.

As if he had read her mind, Rusty inquired wistfully, "Does your mother make as good baked beans as she does gingerbread?"

Janey laughed. "Better," she told him. "Come to supper next Saturday night if you like, and find out."

She waved to him from the porch as he started the car with a deafening roar. She thought again of the red coat, but no longer with any keen desire. It didn't seem so important now, for wasn't blue Rusty's favorite color? Clothes, she thought disdainfully, didn't make any difference after all!

THE END

Rules for BY YOU Entries

HAVE YOU SENT an entry yet for your own Contributors' Department? There's terrific interest in this feature of the magazine. Hundreds of entries are flooding in, from all over the country. Do keep sending them each month—but be sure to follow the rules exactly, if you want your entry considered.

Readers under eighteen years of age may send entries. Only material never before published will be considered.

SHORT STORIES

Any subject that will appeal to teen-agers. Not over 800 words.

POEMS

Any subject—two to twenty-five lines.

NONFICTION

Almost any type of nonfiction—description, biographical or human-interest sketch, episode from real life. Not over 400 words. Suggested subject for January, 1952—HOLIDAYS.

DRAWINGS

Any subject. Black-and-white only, on stiff drawing paper or poster board; may be done in pencil, black writing ink, India ink, charcoal, tempera, or wash. Not smaller than 5" x 7". **WARNING:** Wrap carefully! Drawings that are smudged, creased, or otherwise damaged will not be considered.

Rules

1. Entries for the January, 1952, issue must be mailed on or before October 1, 1951. Entries will be considered only for the one issue of the magazine for which they are submitted.
2. On the upper half of the first page of all

manuscripts—or on a sheet attached to drawings—there must be written:

The name, address, and age of sender.
Her troop number if she is a Girl Scout.

The number of words in the piece submitted (for stories and nonfiction).

The following endorsement, signed by parent, teacher, or guardian:

"I have seen this contribution and am convinced that it is the original idea and work of the sender."

3. Manuscripts must be typewritten or neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper only.

4. Ages of the contributors will be considered in judging, and the decision of the judges is final. A contributor may send only one entry a month—not one of each kind, but only one.

5. All manuscripts and drawings submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to cut and edit manuscripts when necessary.

AWARDS

Awards will be made for all material published: for contributions that, in the opinion of the judges, merit top award, \$10 will be given; for all others published, an award of \$5 will be given.

Each month we will also publish a list of those contributors whose work is worthy of Honorable Mention. No cash awards will be made for these Honorable Mentions.

Send entries to:

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Keenly interested in nursing, these Senior Scouts of Great Bend, Kansas, are proud of having completed their course of training as hospital aides

Headline News

in

Girl Scouting



Thanks to Parson Weems, George Washington is firmly associated, to most of us, with cherry trees. In Glendale, California, however, a Girl Scout troop is raising other kinds of trees—pecans, honey locusts, and Norway maples—which have a close historical association with the squire of Mount Vernon.

Last winter a resident of their community, who has made a hobby of collecting tree seeds from places of historic importance in this country, gave the girls of Troop 45 some seeds from trees which in one way or another have a connection with our first President. Naturally, the historical background of the trees was of special interest to the girls. The pecan seeds were taken from the original trees planted by Washington at Mar-mion, Virginia, in 1785. Washington's estate at Mount Vernon was the source of the honey-locust seeds, which came from trees along the path to his tomb. And the seeds of the Norway maples were gathered from the trees planted in 1778 around Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

The girls planted all of the seeds and have watched over them faithfully, carefully following the advice of the donor. To their joy, they now have several small but healthy trees well started. In July, one of the pecan seedlings was presented to the local Girl Scout Council, together with a plaque giving the history of the tree seed.

The troop is making a scrapbook record of the history of their trees, their planting and growth. In the scrapbook will also go pictures of stories about Washington's own hobby of planting trees. As they work on this project, the girls find that it is constantly opening more and more exciting, interesting fields for them to explore.

The Ehawee Camp Fire Girls and the Girl Scouts of Troop 22 in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, have found fun and new friends by getting together for some very enjoyable activities. The Camp Fire Girls started the ball rolling when they invited the Girl Scouts to a delightful breakfast party. Troop 22 returned this hospitality by asking the Camp Fire Girls to a supper party and evening of square dancing and



All Over the Map

games. The parties were such a success that the two groups are busy planning more joint activities.

Besides the fun of giving their supper party, the girls of Troop 22 found that in planning the menu, shopping, cooking, and decorating for it, they had completed a goodly number of requirements for the Cook and Hostess badges.

World Friendship has become something real and living to the Girl Scouts of the South Suffolk Council on Long Island, New York, through their annual International Festival. The idea began in a small way more than a year ago with an international program which aroused keen enthusiasm in the community. This year's festival was a really big event, in which more than twenty troops, spread over a wide rural area, took part.

Months before the date of the 1951 festival, each troop chose a country to study, and set to work to learn about it. Council members, leaders, parents, teachers, and friends all helped. Some taught foreign songs and dances; war brides from abroad told troops about their native lands; a school principal who knew Italy well supervised the making of a large background map of that country; another principal allowed a troop free time to visit and get help from the Indian Consulate in New York City. Local people from other countries who had been out of touch with their home lands for years began writing again, to get exhibit material and information for the Girl Scouts' festival!

The girls were thrilled with the spirit of helpfulness they met with everywhere. From the Philippines came gifts and costumes for

the Philippines booth. A visitor from the South Suffolk area gathered material in Norway for the Norwegian booth, and a specially-made costume arrived on time, thanks to the help of the Norwegian Consulate.

On the evening of the festival, the auditorium was a colorful place. Each troop was responsible for decorating its own booth,



Sidney, Ohio, Daily News

At a Community Auction in Jackson Center, Ohio, small fry enjoy themselves in the Girl Scouts' Kiddie Corner

and the backgrounds were gay with maps, bright flags and posters. At each booth an item appropriate for its country was sold for the benefit of the Juliette Low World Friendship Fund. Kangaroo-shaped cookies for Australia, and tiny pots of shamrock for Ireland, were sellouts. No admission is charged at the festivals; but one booth does have a decorated jar for voluntary contributions.

During the evening a short program was staged, which included a welcome in rhyme by a Brownie; a parade of flags, and a group Pledge of Allegiance. Costumed Girls Scouts danced folk dances from different lands,

and the program closed with a group of uniformed Girl Scouts leading the audience in singing Girl Scout songs.

Some troops are already planning their projects for the 1952 festival, and the dancing and singing practice, the arts and crafts work, and the personal contacts will be carried on as part of the winter program.

♣ In their attractive peach-colored pinafores and caps, the Girl Scout Hospital Aides were a welcome sight to nurses and patients in St. Rose Hospital, Great Bend, Kansas. And the girls, having completed a basic training course, looked forward eagerly to their tours of duty.

Because of their interest in nursing, a class of Seniors of Troops 7, 11, 13, and 17

nurses more time for the extremely ill, by relieving them of many routine tasks. The girls' cheerfulness and good humor helped lift the morale of the patients, too.

Thirty-one of the thirty-two girls who originally enrolled completed the requirements and received yellow-and-green hospital aide badges. Their training paid dividends in the recent Kansas floods, when in addition to their hospital work, the girls helped with the mass typhoid inoculations.

♣ A Camp Reunion for all the girls who have gone to the Albuquerque, New Mexico, Girl Scout camp is another activity which promises to become an annual event. Sponsored by Senior Troop 20, the reunion was held this year in a high-school gymnasium, and Brownies, Intermediates, and Seniors all helped to make it a success. There were competitive games; contests in fire-building and lashing; skits dramatizing camp songs, with a prize for the best; a storytelling session. A sing-down and folk dancing completed the afternoon's program.

Camping is one of the chief interests of Troop 20, and their activities include practice in camp skills and week-end camping trips. Many of the girls are planning to become camp counselors-in-training.

♣ Exchange camping proved a memorable experience

for a group of Girl Scouts of Laconia and Concord, New Hampshire, who first camped with Girl Guides in Canada, and then were hostesses to Canadian Guides at a New Hampshire camp.

Months of planning and preparation lay behind them when seventeen Girl Scouts, and three leaders, at last found themselves meeting Girl Guides from all over the Province of Quebec at the Guide Camp on Lake Memphramagog. The Girl Scouts were assigned to different Guide units and speedily made friends as the campers arranged their out-of-doors housekeeping. The New Hampshire girls will long remember their ten days at the Canadian camp—the campfires, the hikes, the swimming in the cold lake water. They especially remember the last campfire, when each Girl Scout pinned a World Friendship pin on each of the Guides in her unit.

Soon after their return home, the New Hampshire Scouts

were hostesses to seven Canadian Guides and one Guider at a pioneer camp in Bear Brook State Park. The Girl Scouts showed their guests some of the tricks of camping "United States style," and the six days at camp passed all too quickly.

Their last campfire, too, was a memorable one. The altar fire, with its ceremonial fagots arranged in star formation around the edge, was dramatically lighted from a fagot which had been burned in the last campfire of an International Conference at Edith Macy Training School, and saved for just such an occasion. The friendship circle, done in Canadian fashion as the group sang "Taps," was the closing ceremony of the camp. But before they broke up, each girl removed a fagot from the altar fire, to be taken home and used to rekindle, some time, a similar international-friendship fire which would be a symbol and a reminder of this adventure in "across-the-border" camping.

♣ A Kiddie Corner manned by the Girl Scouts of Lone Troop 1 was a boon to parents who attended the two-day Community Auction in Jackson Center, Ohio. Knowing that many parents of small children would not be able to attend this community affair unless they could arrange to have their youngsters looked after, the Girl Scout set up the Kiddie Corner as their contribution to the success of the auction. They entertained the small fry so well that most of the children were reluctant to leave when their parents were ready to go home. It was a thoughtful bit of community service that made many friends for the local Scouts.

♣ When the Army hospital at Valley Forge was reactivated recently, an appeal was made through local papers for games, puzzles, and magazines for the patients there. Girl Scout Troop 347 of West Point, Pennsylvania, immediately went to work, canvassing neighbors and friends in their small town, and very soon they had collected a large quantity of magazines, and enough games and puzzles to fill three big cartons.

The girls then took the magazines, games, and puzzles to the hospital, where the local Red Cross chapter distributed them among the patients. The hospital authorities were greatly pleased with the excellence of their collection, and commended the Girl Scouts warmly.

♣ At National Headquarters this summer, three Senior Girl Scouts of Greater New York have had an opportunity to gain their first experience in office work, to learn about the operations at National, and to discover the possibilities of volunteer or professional work in Girl Scouting.

The girls, as temporary paid members of the National Headquarters staff, worked in several departments during their first month, to get a broad picture of the whole organization. One of their important duties was acting as hostesses for visitors to Headquarters. During the second month, each girl was assigned to a single department, so that she could gain experience in one particular phase of work.

The Seniors have found this an interesting and valuable experience, and feel that other Scouts of high-school age would enjoy similar opportunities to "learn by doing."

THE END



Girl Scouts of West Point, Pennsylvania, proudly display games they collected for the Valley Forge Army Hospital

was formed early in the year, and the girls began their training with a nine weeks' course of lectures and demonstrations. This included hospital and nursing ethics, child care, diets, preparation of trays, and feeding of patients. At the end of the course, the girls took a written examination, and then began actual floor work in the hospital, each girl working for two hours one afternoon a week. This allowed the regular

Canadian Girl Guides and New Hampshire Girl Scouts prepare for a day's hike at their camp in Bear Creek Park





Paul Parker Photo

The school auditorium is a fine place for rehearsing a dramatic production. Being on a stage is a help, even when reading from script

HAVE you discovered the thrill of putting on a "show"—whether it is a comedy, a mystery, a melodrama, a musical, or a pageant? Lots of young people have, either at school or in a church group or a club. And the Girl Scouts are no exception. Even the youngest Brownies like play acting; Intermediates progress in dramatic skills, and some Seniors build their whole program around dramatics.

If you have worked at all with dramatics, you know that, fun though it is, putting on a dramatic production means a lot of hard work and requires a great variety of talents and abilities. Besides the actors there are many unseen artists, all of whom are important. The author, scene designer, stage craftsmen, carpenters, electricians, costume designers, musicians, make-up artists—all these and more—contribute to the success of the final performance.

But you don't have to stage an elaborate production in order to enjoy dramatics. You can start in a very simple way, and do many things—some alone, some with a group of friends—that will help you to develop the skills you need for play acting. With experience, you will learn some of the techniques of the unseen artists, too. Acting, however, is probably your main interest. So let's see how you can get ready for the big day when you'll be giving a finished performance before the public; and see, too, what working with dramatics can do for you as a person.

Many years ago a great dramatist, William Shakespeare by name, remarked that "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." If you have imagination, the whole world *can* be your stage, for drama takes place everywhere, every day, in real life. Dramatics will help you to develop your imagination even further, for you are constantly creating different characters, and sympathizing with situations unlike your own. To be able to put yourself in another person's place is a great talent and

the key not only to the heart of understanding but to the art of acting.

It is commonly believed that acting is something anyone can do; that you just go ahead and emote. Well, it isn't. Acting is a skill and all skills need to have tools. These tools for acting are your body, your voice and, of course, your mind, which tells you what to do with the first two.

An actress is generally seen before she is heard, so you begin usually with pantomime. What is pantomime? It is the art of expressing ideas in action alone, and is the basis of characterization. Watch yourself and see if you do not express yourself in action before you speak. Observe people on the bus, in the grocery shop, on the street. Watch their mannerisms—how they use their hands, hold their heads, walk, sit, and stand, and see how these movements give you clues to their personalities.

It's good dramatic training to see how well you can get an idea across in pantomime. Try expressing emotions first—anger, sorrow, or surprise. Then you can go on to dramatizing a definite character in a certain situation. For example, in Girl Scout dramatic-training classes we practice "walks." Demonstrate the following: A girl walking a large dog; a gracious lady entering a drawing room; a sulky child; a girl who has just been told she has won a school prize. Think of other situations and try them out in troop meetings or school.

Stage presence is an all-important aspect of dramatic art. Remembering and practicing the following rules will help you to appear before an audience with confidence and grace.

1. When the knees begin to shake, always take a deep breath.
2. Positive emotions—such as love, courage, and tenderness—expand the body. All negative emotions—anger, fear, annoyance, and so on—contract your muscles and cause tension.
3. Never move or gesture without reason.

(Continued on page 50)

Tips for Thespians

by OLEDA SCHROTTKY

Besides presenting simple plays, you may sometimes wish to produce an operetta or a pageant, combining drama with music and folk dancing



A Girl Scout dramatics expert opens the stage door for you — to skill — to poise — to fun

Two of a kind

... both are v. i. p.*

*very important persons



Yes—both of them are Senior Girl Scouts! Both are stand-outs in any community in these smartest-of-uniforms . . . recognized with pride . . . admired wherever they go.

As a Senior Girl Scout you rate special attention from everyone, from the mayor down, when they sight your uniform . . . whether it's the trim, one-piece dress, or the ever-popular skirt and blouse combination. Either one, it's a very attractive uniform and you wear it on every occasion!

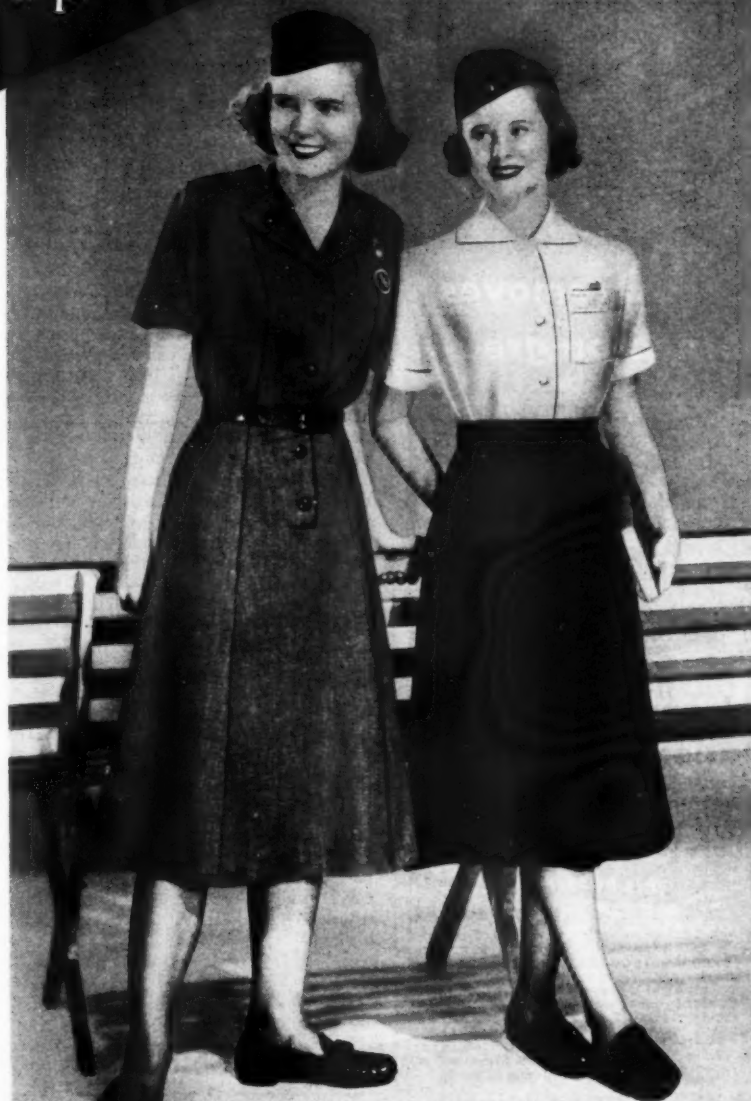
Left—Official Senior Uniform, Sanforized green cotton covert, leather belt.

Right—Alternate Senior Uniform—Sanforized white cotton broadcloth blouse, dark green rayon gabardine skirt.

Both are official, beautifully made and smooth fitting.



Registered Senior Girl Scouts may purchase the official uniform at their local Girl Scout equipment agency.



Uniform, sizes 10-20. 3-100—6.50

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Hat, sizes 21 to 24". 3-150—1.50

Blouse, sizes 10-20. 3-101—2.50

Skirt, waist sizes 23, 24, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33". 3-102—4.95

Hat, sizes 21 to 24". 3-150—1.50

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Tips for Thespians (Continued from page 48)

When you do gesture, use the arm away from the audience if possible. This is called the "upstage arm." When standing quietly, keep your arms from hugging your body and try always to move in curves unless you are depicting an awkward character.

4. Good posture will do wonders for your confidence. Stand tall, shoulders back and relaxed, head high.

All these tips will be helpful to you, not only for appearing in plays, but also for making a speech or even reciting in class. You will also find good material on this subject in "Dramatics for Girl Scouts."

One of the most valuable assets in both everyday life and the theater is a good voice. Some people talk in a whine, others in a short, jerky way—perhaps because of nervousness; some speak in a strained or timid manner. The voice of a person who is happy and interested will radiate color and warmth. In other words, you convey meaning in the tone of your voice as well as through words. Try saying "no" in several ways to see what a variety of meanings you can reveal.

Each person's voice has a characteristic pitch level. Some voices are monotonous. This can be caused by a variety of reasons—disposition, health, timidity, sometimes just plain laziness.

In conversation you are much more likely to have a change of pitch than in reading, reciting, or acting. To check on your own pitch level try telling the story of "The Three Bears." That simple story gives you a wonderful opportunity to change pitch levels.

A good way to try out your dramatic ability is to dramatize a story and present it at a neighborhood party. Begin with something simple, such as "Rumpelstiltskin." It has suspense, whimsy, and the opportunity for convincing portrayal of character.

Ballads make entertaining practice. Good ones to use for your troop or club are "Three Pirates" and "The Wrangle Taggle Gypsies O" found in the book "Dramatized Ballads," by Janet Tobitt and Alice White, which you can probably get at your local library.

Sometimes it is more fun to make up a play based on your favorite stories or books. Look through THE AMERICAN GIRL for stories that lend themselves to dramatization. Such books as "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott; "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough; "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen are all brimming with possibilities.

When you are ready to tackle a real production you will find a good selection of

plays in the catalogue put out by the Dramatic Publishing Company of Chicago, Illinois. These are colorful plays with special emphasis on those suited to young people. "Thanks Awfully," by Jean Lee Latham, "Alice Blue Gown," by Rose Campion, and "Betty Behave," by the same author, are short plays of fifteen to twenty minutes. "Brothers of Belinda" plays a full evening.

If you have a Thespian Society in your school you will probably have access to the magazine, "Dramatics." Here you will find suggestions for plays—many with boys in the cast. Have you thought of enlisting the Boy Scouts or your church and club groups in a dramatic club? If you are interested in organizing such a group, again go to your library and see if you can get "Drama Clubs Step by Step," by Charles Wells.

Those of you who have been in plays know that the fun in acting is in understanding the character you are portraying. Is she a shy, sweet person? Is she gay? You must make your audience really know her by the way you act, look, dress, gesture, and react to other characters in the play. Keeping in character is often hard for the beginner. The only way to become another person is to absorb the part so completely that you think and act as this character would. This is known as "empathy."

Those of you who are Girl Scouts will want to check through your Handbook and see how many badges are involved in producing a play. For instance, there's the Good Grooming badge which requires a knowledge of correct hair styles, proper footwear, permissible make-up, and appropriate clothes—all of which are important factors in a play. You can work on Music and Dancing, Arts and Crafts, and Sewing badges, since all of these activities are part of dramatic productions.

Here are some final suggestions for you aspiring actresses: Study facial expressions and try to analyze the thoughts behind them. Look for articles on how to make the most of your own good looks. Keep a notebook of pictures that give good examples of facial expressions and postures. Watch for stage sets and colors in movies and in local dramatic productions. See how they vary according to the place and the period.

As you see, dramatics can be satisfying and rewarding. It may even serve some of you as a stepping stone to a vocation, and for all of you it can be a wonderful hobby for many years to come.

THE END

December Recipe Exchange

Subject: COOKIES

• The AMERICAN GIRL Magazine is offering you an opportunity to have your very own cooking department in which your recipes will be published. Entries for the December issue must reach us by September 20.

• Each month we'll announce in the magazine the kind of cookery to be featured in the "Recipe Exchange." Your recipe MUST be one that you have used successfully.

• JUDITH MILLER, our Cooking Editor, will test and judge the contributions, and choose the recipes which will appear in the magazine. For every entry that is printed, THE AMERICAN GIRL will pay \$1.00.

Date Due: September 20

2. In the upper right-hand corner of the page, give your name, address, age, and the source of your recipe.

3. List ingredients in the order of use in the recipe, and give level measurements. If any special techniques are involved, describe them fully.

4. All recipes submitted become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL Magazine and cannot be acknowledged or returned. If your recipe is published in the magazine, you will receive a check for \$1.00. Decisions of the judge are final.

5. Address all entries to Judith Miller, AMERICAN GIRL Magazine, 30 West 48th Street, New York 19, New York.

FOLLOW THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

1. Recipes must be typewritten or neatly printed in ink, on one side of the paper.

SPEAKING OF MOVIES



HERE COMES THE GROOM—Take Bing Crosby, add Jane Wyman, Franchot Tone, and a bunch of kids, and you're pretty sure to have the makings of an enjoyable picture. Bing is the reporter who finds he must get married in a week to keep the two war orphans he has brought home. Jane is the girl who, after being engaged to Bing for three years, has about decided to switch to Franchot Tone. And the youngsters do their bit in making this a gay musical. (Paramount)

THUNDER ON THE HILL—When rains and floods threaten the inhabitants of an English village, they take shelter in a convent. Among them is a young girl (Ann Blyth) who is under sentence of death for the murder of her brother. She convinces one of the nuns (Claudette Colbert) that she is innocent, and the picture becomes the dramatic story of a struggle against time, the elements, and the lack of evidence on which to convict the guilty person. (Universal-International)



ALICE IN WONDERLAND—The famous adventures of Lewis Carroll's heroine become exciting reality in Disney's full-length, all-cartoon production in color. The "voices" of the fabulous creatures are excellently chosen. Ed Wynn is the Mad Hatter, Jerry Colonna is the March Hare, and Pat O'Malley doubles and redoubles as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the Walrus, the Carpenter, and the Oystershell. Added to all this is a fine musical score with several hit tunes. (RKO)

CATTLE DRIVE—Here is a Western, in Technicolor, with a slight twist to the plot. Dean Stockwell, the spoiled son of a railroad president, is stranded on a Western desert. He is found by cowboys on a long cattle drive. The boy is enraged to learn that he must go on with the men, instead of being taken home at once. Adventure, discipline, hard work, and—eventually—the friendship and the respect of the cowboys, all combine to make him a changed boy. (Universal-International)



by BERTHA JANCKE LUECK



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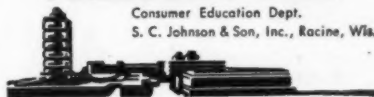
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The Boathouse Mystery

(Continued from page 11)

wings angrily, rushed madly toward them. "Settle your feathers, Nero, we're friends," Gail called. She whispered, "Say something, Trudy."

But Trudy had stepped back behind Bill. "Drowning cats!" Dick said. "He's tied up like a dog."

A long clothesline was tied to one leg. The other end of the line was fastened to, and could slide along, an overhead wire stretched from the house to one of the out-buildings. Thus the turkey had freedom, yet could not run away.

Already Nero was settling his ruffled feathers. His wild, angry screeches were fading now to little clucks.

"It's not what a person says," Gail explained. "You could tell him he was the meanest creature alive, and it would have the same effect. It's attention and admiration he wants—the sound of the human voice directed toward him. Isn't it, Nero?"

The boys were eying him—from the wrinkled red wattles dangling from his throat to the powerful legs.

"He's some bird!" Dick said.

"He's the most magnificent, aristocratic-looking turkey I've ever seen," said Trudy. "See how he holds his head. And that plumage! He looks half peacock!"

Gail nodded, pleased. There was almost every color of the rainbow in Nero's feathers when the sun struck them just right. Gail could imagine the sensation he would create, strutting back and forth in her yard.

Wes Slater limped from around the house, wheeling a strange contraption. It was unmistakably a baby carriage for twins. The sides had been cut off and a tall, wide crate tacked into place. While Gail introduced her friends, Wes was putting grain into the crate. Nero hopped in, and Wes shut the door.

"Cute!" said Trudy.

Nero favored her with a low sound of appreciation.

Wes had ignored Gail's introductions, but now he said, gruffly, "I've been thinking it over about my boathouse."

"You haven't changed your mind?" Gail said quickly in alarm.

Wes shook his head. "But I don't expect any monkeyshines," he went on, looking sternly at Dick and Bill and Trudy. "I know just what's in that boathouse, even though I haven't been there since I broke my leg, and I'm holding you responsible. I don't want one fishhook out of place when I get back—understand?" He added that he would have the law on them all if they did any trapping or hunting on his land, or cut any trees he had planted. "And when the ice goes off the lake, don't take it into your heads to go rowboating or canoeing! Leave those boats right where they are."

The juniors gasped.

"And if you think to let your families have some of my ice, think twice!" Wes continued. "I know just how many cakes there are!"

"Why, nobody has the slightest idea—" Gail began.

"If you need ice in your refreshment place, I don't mind your whittling off a little," he said. "But that's all."

"Perhaps you would prefer us to stay away entirely?" Dick suggested sarcastically,

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an angry gleam in his flashing brown eyes. "Did I say that?" Wes countered, just as indignantly.

"It's just perfect for our needs," Gail put in quickly, and asked if they could scrub the upstairs room and build the shelves.

"Sure," Wes said. "I don't mind scrubbing or a few shelves if you have a mind to make 'em." He took a piece of suet from his pocket and tied it inside Nero's crate.

Nero pecked at it. He wiggled his red wattles, flicked his eyes at his audience, clucking happily. The clothesline leash was still tied to his leg, the other end to the overhead wire.

"Well, what's keeping you?" Wes asked, turning away from Nero at last. "Take down the wire. I've got a train to make."

Under his direction Bill and Dick unscrewed the hooks on house and outbuilding and rolled up the wire and clothesline. At Gail's they could put the hooks up on her house and garage, taking up the slack should the wire be too long. Then, Wes said, they could let Nero out of the cage, and he would be fastened just as he was here.

They thanked Wes for the use of lake and boathouse and wished him a pleasant vacation in California. Gail promised to take good care of Nero. The turkey clucked happily, apparently unaware that it was farewell. Then the juniors departed, Gail wheeling the carriage, Dick walking at her side, carrying the wire and line which were still attached to Nero's leg.

"You might have lost us the boathouse, flaring up that way!" Bill reprimanded Dick.

"Well, he made me mad!" Dick retorted. "Accusing us of all those ideas!"

"But we have the best of the bargain!" Trudy said.

The road through the woods was rough, but the springs of the baby carriage were good. Nero seemed to like the bouncing and, as the juniors began to make plans for the rest of the day, he tipped his head from side to side as if listening. When Dick suggested that they divide the names of the class among themselves and telephone everyone immediately, so they could start work that day, Nero clucked in apparent approval.

When they reached town, two children, seeing the procession, squealed in delight, yelling, "Whatcha got? A gorilla?"

"They think you're an organ-grinder with a monkey," Trudy told Dick, who was still holding the line to Nero's leg.

The children tagged along. Others joined. They begged to wheel the carriage. They begged to carry the clothesline roll. They begged Gail to let Nero out of the cage and let them lead him by the leash.

"Drowning cats!" Dick kept saying. "Why don't you all go home?"

To the children's great delight, Nero began to show off. He twittered his feathers, wiggled his red wattles, and balanced himself on one leg. He stood there clucking to the right, clucking to the left, with the effect, Gail thought, of bowing grandly.

When they reached Gail's yard, her young brother Mike bounced out of the house spouting questions like a geyser.

After Dick and Bill had screwed the hooks into place on the house and the garage, and stretched the overhead wire across, Gail opened the cage door and Nero peered out, surveying his audience. Then, with high, deliberate steps, he grandly made his entrance upon his new stage before the admiring audience in the McCune yard. He ruffed up his feathers, shook himself, then

let his feathers smooth down again, completely fascinating the children. Then he began to strut about, eying one awed child after another.

"Look," Dick said in a low voice to the other members of the committee, "we'd better split up now. Everybody call the part of the alphabet he's assigned to. Meeting will be right after lunch, at Trudy's."

After her friends had gone, Gail opened the sack of feed Wes had put into the baby carriage and gave Nero food and water.

"Where's he going to sleep?" one of the children asked.

Gail explained that Wes had said Nero did not need shelter. Being outdoors was what made his special kind of sturdy feathers. The children protested, condemnation in their eyes.

"Would you let him sleep in my tent if I put it up?" Mike asked.

"Well, yes," Gail agreed. "But don't think you own this turkey, Mike."

With a whoop, Mike went into the garage, followed by the others. They dragged out the brown tent canvas and began to unfold it. Gail watched them for a moment. Mike was happy. The children were happy. Nero seemed royally entertained.

She went into the house. Her mother, Mike had said, was out shopping. Gail took off her coat and hat and seated herself at the telephone. From there she could watch everything going on outdoors. Apparently the children were arguing about where to put the tent.

Leafing through the telephone book, she began to call the juniors, A through F.

Half through the list, she noticed that the tent was up but no children were in sight. Nero, alone, stood on one foot, looking like a pouting pelican. Then he tipped his head, as if listening. His feathers ruffed up and he turned his head, as if watching something.

Then Gail saw the cat from next door ambling into the yard, minding his own business, looking neither to right nor left, completely ignoring Nero.

There was a shriek, as penetrating as a fire siren. Nero made for the cat at airplane speed and there was a yowling such as Gail had never heard—a long, fierce, yelping sort of yowl. Coatless, she ran outdoors.

The cat had wriggled away, headed for home, Nero after him. The turkey came suddenly to the end of his rope and sprawled upon his back, feet in air.

"I'm terribly sorry," Gail apologized to Mrs. Foster, who had come outdoors, too, and was trying to catch her frightened cat. "I don't think the cat's hurt, do you? Or he couldn't have run so fast. But in case he is, I'll have my father go over him inch by inch as soon as he comes home."

Mrs. Foster went into her house without even acknowledging the apology. It was the first time, Gail realized, that any neighbor had been so unneighborly.

"You were awful!" she scolded Nero. "That poor, innocent cat. I'm glad you tripped and sprawled all over yourself."

The turkey had righted himself, shaken his feathers, and now was clucking angrily at Gail as if he blamed her for his humiliation. Suddenly he stopped scolding and transferred his gaze to the street. Mike and the other children were hurrying toward him, their arms full of straw. Apparently they had borrowed bedding somewhere.

"We heard Nero four blocks away!" Mike



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said. "Boy, he sure has a whale of a voice."

Shivering, Gail returned to the house, without telling them about the cat. She resumed her telephoning, reflecting that after all the cat had been on McCune property. Could Mrs. Foster sue the family for injuries, under the circumstances?

Soon she saw her mother coming, arms full of groceries. She rushed to meet her, blurting out the whole story of Nero and the boathouse, swearing her to secrecy, for the juniors did not want skaters on the lake before the canteen was ready.

Nero gave Mrs. McCune a cold, supercilious glance, then walked away, swishing his back feathers from side to side, heading for the children who were in his tent. From the back he looked like an old lady swaying her hips as she walked.

"I must say he has personality!" Mrs. McCune laughed. "But goodness! A turkey! I don't see how we can keep—"

Gail met her mother's objections—fortunately they were all minor—with convincing answers. Keeping a turkey was no different from keeping chickens, which many people in town did have. And he was really something to look at! And the tent was sufficient shelter.

"And see what interest Mike is taking in him!" she added. Mike was always running off somewhere, forgetting to come home. Or doing things the family did not want him to do. This way, he might stay home more and not be the usual pest he was.

When lunch was ready, Dr. McCune had not appeared, apparently detained by a patient. The rest of the family ate without him; then Gail set out for Trudy's.

The business of the meeting was rapidly transacted, and an hour later Gail walked up the street carrying broom, scrubbing brush, and an old pail. She felt silly carrying such objects right out in the open that way, but she could not very well wrap them. Dick joined her, toting his father's tool chest. At the end of Maple Street they met Bill, with a hatchet for cutting kindling. Trudy joined them, with paper and pencils and cleaning rags. For the investigating committee had been made responsible for heating and cleaning the boathouse and was to have final word on all problems. Gail, Dick, Trudy, and Bill were to receive and record all donations, tie loose ends together, and act as the executive committee in charge of the whole project.

It was surprising how much forty ambitious juniors could accomplish in one afternoon. Some advanced money and bought lumber, paint, and nails. Others collected chairs, tables, pots and pans, and whatever they could get free from the various homes. There was no water in the boathouse, but Joe Kinney, who lived on a farm and had horses, a wagon, and milk cans, was glad to tote cans of water to the boathouse so that the place could be scrubbed. Not only that, but Joe met juniors with his wagon at the edge of the woods and carried their bulky donations to the boathouse.

By four thirty the investigating committee was alone, business officially over. It had been a successful day.

Dick banked the fire and everyone filed out. Gail locked the door, then handed the keys to Dick, saying, "You're president. Take charge."

"Be glad to," Dick said, pocketing the keys. They went down the outside stairway and climbed the slope to the woods. Up on

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the bank Gail turned back, looking down over the stretch of ice, rimmed with trees. Already she could picture skaters whirling there—hungry skaters patronizing the canteen.

Then she gasped, grabbed Dick's arm, and pointed. For a light had flashed under that part of the boathouse which jutted out over the lake.

"Someone's down under there!" she whispered.

"Get down," Dick ordered. "We don't want to be seen."

They all fell to their stomachs, Dick and Gail inching along the bank until they could see the left side of the dock; Trudy and Bill crawling to the right. If anyone came out from under the boathouse he would be seen by one of the couples on the bank above.

They waited. But whoever was under the dock waited, too, evidently wanting to be sure that the boys and girls had gone. For certainly he must know the young people had been in the boathouse, and when they had started home, for they had made enough noise about that.

Sure enough, a man finally peered warily around the left side of the boathouse. Then, squirming on his stomach, he slid cautiously, close to the bank, in the opposite direction from the road leading out of the woods.

After a moment Gail could not see him at all. She inched closer to the edge of the bank, as did Dick. Yes, there he was, sliding along down below, stopping now and then as if to listen. Then he rose to his feet and, hunched down, ran to a spot where lake and land were the same level and dashed into the woods.

"Something's going on here!" Dick whispered. "That man wasn't down under there just for his health. We've got to find out what's up!" (To be concluded)

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"Approvals," or "Approval sheets," means sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.
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from our advertisers, be sure to write your name and address clearly, and to give your full name and complete address. The stamp dealer will do his best to fill your order carefully and promptly. You can avoid delays by making sure that your name and address are given in your order.

Jokes

PUNCTURED

BOASTFUL ADVENTURER: You see, I always believe in fighting the enemy with his own weapons.

SWEET YOUNG THING: Really? How long does it take you to sting a wasp?

Sent by FRISCILLA TERRY, Orient, New York

SMALL REQUEST

LADY OF THE HOUSE: And what can I do for you?

TRAMP: If you don't mind, I'd like a coat sewed on this button.

Sent by BARBARA ANN SHENFF, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

NAUGHTY BEE

VISITOR: One of your bees stung me and I want you to do something about it.

KEEPER: Certainly, ma'am. Just show me which bee did it and I'll have it punished.

Sent by ALICE SWATHOOVER, Floral Park, New York

APPRECIATIVE

HE: Will you marry me?

SHE: No. But I'll always admire your good taste.

Sent by PATRICIA SEITER, Minneapolis, Minnesota

TEAR-JERKIN

I just finished reading a very exciting book. It was called "The Tragedy on the Cliff," by Eileen Dover.

Sent by BARBARA PARKS, Cheektowaga, New York

SLIGHTLY STALE

EAGER CONTRIBUTOR: What do you think of my jokes? They're crisp as a cracker aren't they?

EDITOR: Yes—and just as dry and crumbly.

Sent by CATHEEN CHARITTE, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

SLICK TRICK

MOLLY: What's the best way to remove varnish?

DOLLY: Take out the "r" and make it vanish.

Sent by JEANETTE KAWAMURA, Denver, Colorado

PERFECT AGREEMENT

GRANDPA: Here, here! What's the argument?

TRUDY: There's no argument. Judy thinks I'm not going to give her half my candy, and I think the same.

Sent by MARY DEVINE, Seattle, Washington

OUT OF SEASON

TIM: Out in the country where I spent last summer, they gave me one of those three-season beds.

JIM: Never heard of one.

TIM: No spring.

Sent by SONIA DICKERSON, Clayton, Georgia

TO EVERY RULE

PAT: If a job is done well, it doesn't need to be done over.

PENNY: What about the dishes?

Sent by MERLE MILLER, Ossining, New York

THE PAIN'S IN THE HEAD

JANIE: My brother has trouble with appendicitis.

RUTH: My goodness! Is he very ill?

JANIE: No, certainly not. He just can't spell it.

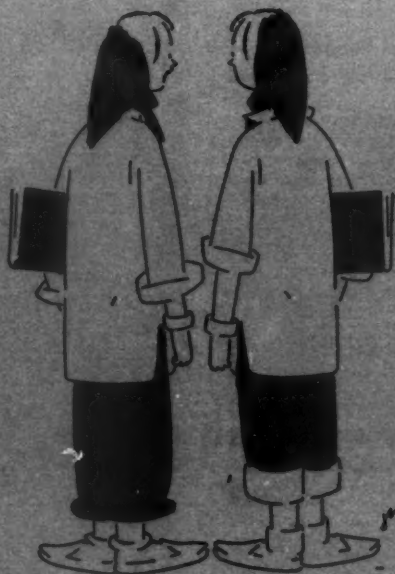
Sent by JOAN SUNUKIAN, Troy, New York

"THAT'S MY BOT"

TOMMY (coming home with his report card): I was the highest of all who failed.

Sent by DEBRA FERGUSON, Leekney, Texas

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.



"... but what really burns me up is when they call me a typical teen-ager!"

Laboratory Girl

(Continued from page 15)

vote for their favorites and get their friends' opinions, too. The most popular ones are named, bottled, and stored in bank vaults until they can be shipped.

Peggy also creates new creams and face powders. The oils that go into face creams are whipped in giant electric mixers until they are fluffy. When a new cream is made, sample jars are stored in a warm place for two years. Then the cream is examined to make sure it has not separated or become rancid. If it comes through this test satisfactorily, Peggy is certain it will reach the customer in good condition even if it stands on a dealer's shelf for some time.

Face powders are blended from powdered French chalk, talc, and coloring matter with a dash of perfume, and, for clinging qualities, a few drops of oil. The powder is sifted in electrically operated sifters through many layers of silk or nylon.

It is Peggy's job to see that her new creams and powders will not irritate the skin. She tests them for several weeks on volunteers. If no irritation appears, she is confident that the new product can safely be put on the market.

Perhaps you'd prefer to work with foods rather than cosmetics. Marjorie works for a food-processing company. Her job is to run tests for color, thickness, and acidity on samples of tomato soup and tomato juice.

Lois has another kind of job in the foods field. She is employed by a factory making Swiss-type cheese. Every morning she runs tests on the milk brought in by farmers to determine the amount of butter fat. She also keeps cultures of bacteria growing, which are added to the milk. These bacteria produce gases which form the holes and give the cheese its sweet nutlike flavor.

Perhaps clothes and fabrics are your special interest. Then you would surely enjoy a job like Barbara's, in a textile plant. When drums of dry dye powder come in, she dyes a sample four-by-four inches, boiling the fabric and adding salt to the solution just as you do in home dyeing.

She checks the shade against fabrics dyed previously. Then she puts the sample, half covered and half exposed, under the fadeometer for a twenty-three-hour period. Next day Barbara looks at the sample. If the exposed half has faded, the dye is not sunfast and will have to be returned to the manufacturer. This is but one of the many tests that are made in Barbara's laboratory. It is because of workers like her that you are able to buy fabrics which are colorfast, durable, shrinkproof, and crease-resistant.

Even in heavy industry, there are laboratory jobs for women. Take Carol, for instance, who goes to work every day in a neat, white-walled laboratory next to a vast, noisy, smoky foundry. There was a company rule that no woman could set foot in this foundry, but an exception was made for Carol, who goes there to collect samples of each pouring of cast iron. Conspicuous in her white uniform, she walks carefully along the painted safety lines on the concrete.

Carol takes the samples back to the laboratory where she places them in electric ovens to burn away the carbon and other foreign matter. The ashes are then weighed on



Dry skin. "My only skin problem was dryness," says Brenda Gahan of Little Neck, N.Y. "But now Noxzema helps keep my skin looking soft and smooth—so much fresher-looking, too. I use it morning and night—and overnight, too."

LOOK NATURALLY LOVELY!

**Help Heal Externally-Caused Blemishes—
Keep Your Skin Looking Fresh!**

● All over the country, hundreds of girls with complexion problems report that *greaseless, medicated Noxzema* is grand for helping skin to that smooth, fresh, *naturally lovely* look. Why don't you try it, too? It's so easy to use. And results can be really thrilling! Simply follow this quick 2-Step Noxzema Beauty Routine—daily.

Easy As Washing Your Face!



1. Morning—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "cream-wash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for two *all-day* benefits. It helps heal blemishes*, helps protect skin!



2. Evening—At bedtime, "creamwash" again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, dirt! Now, lightly massage Noxzema into skin to help soften, smooth. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them.

Developed by a doctor, in clinical tests this Beauty Routine helped 4 out of 5 with problem skin to lovelier-looking complexions. Try Noxzema today!



**Look what you can do
with just one cream!**

Dry, scaly arms and legs can strike a sour note in an otherwise pretty picture. Noxzema helps them look softer, smoother again. And it's *greaseless!*

Elbows rough and unattractive? Don't neglect them! Massage a little Noxzema into your elbows, daily—to help them look smoother, whiter!

Dry, parched lips ne'er framed a lovely smile. You can help them feel better—help smooth rough dryness and help lips look softer—with *medicated Noxzema!*

Red, rough hands look unattractive and feel worse. Medicated Noxzema helps soothe the soreness—helps hands look softer, smoother, whiter!

At drug and cosmetic counters

40¢, 60¢, \$1.00 plus tax



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SKIN CREAM**

Like an Angel of Mercy to your skin

Don't Be In The No...
No money...no new clothes...no dreamy luxuries you want but can't afford.

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Know the thrill of having plenty of spending money. It's easy...it's fun to

Make Extra Cash!
with Southern Christmas Cards

Show gorgeous Southern Christmas Cards to friends, relatives, teachers, parents of friends. Neighborly visits are great fun...so profitable, too! You need no experience. Big-value SOUTHERN BEAUTY Assortment of 21 Christmas Cards sells on sight at only \$1. You make up to 100% cash profit!

EASY to EARN \$15 to \$50—AND MORE!

Sell only 100 SOUTHERN BEAUTY Boxes and \$50 is yours. Also show Christmas Cards with NAME at 50 for \$1.25 and 40 for \$1. Religious, Humorous, Gift Wraps, All-Occasion, Personalized Stationery, Children's Assortments, Gifts, many other quick money-makers boost your earnings.

Earn for Your Group! Cash in AT ONCE. Or use our special plan to earn money for your group, club or school. Write today for Assortments on approval and Imprinted Samples FREE.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

SOUTHERN GREETING CARD CO., Dept. H-2
216 S. Pauline St., Memphis 4, Tenn.

Send Assortments on approval and FREE Name-Imprint Samples.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Charlotte, N. C.	Mellon Co.
Cincinnati, O.	Shillito's
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros.
Columbus, O.	F. & R. Lazarus
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Frank Dry Goods Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Herpolsheimer's
Greenville, Miss.	The Fair
Greenville, S. C.	Myers Arnold
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Hickory, N. C.	Spainhour Co.
Holyoke, Mass.	A. Steiger
Jamaica, N. Y.	B. Gertz
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith & Sons
Minneapolis, Minn.	Powers Dry Goods
Muncie, Ind.	The Ball Stores, Inc.
Newark, N. J.	Kresge's
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner Co.
Plattsburgh, N. Y.	David Merkel
Portsmouth, Va.	Sears, Betty & Bob
Reading, Pa.	C. K. Whitner
Roanoke, Va.	Heironimus
Rochester, N. Y.	McCurdy's

St. Louis, Mo.	Famous Barr
Seattle, Wash.	Frederick & Nelson
Sioux City, Ia.	Yunker Davidson's
Steuersville, O.	The Hub
Vincennes, Ind.	Gimbel Bond
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
Waukegan, Ill.	The Hein Co.
Youngstown, O.	Strauss Hirschberg

The PRIZE PURCHASE suit on page 23 may be purchased at these stores

Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler Bros.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Columbia, S. C.	Haltiwanger's
Newark, N. J.	Kresge's
New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Rochester, N. Y.	E. W. Edwards
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Co.

The CHARCOAL fashions on page 27 may be purchased at these stores

Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn
Cedar Rapids, Ia.	Killian Co.
Cleveland, O.	Halle Bros.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox
Indianapolis, Ind.	H. P. Wasson
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
St. Paul, Minn.	Field Schlick
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop

sensitive balances and the percentage of pure iron computed. This work requires the use of many mathematical tables, some of which Carol worked out herself.

If you want to prepare yourself for one of the many fascinating jobs in industrial laboratories—and there are countless others in addition to these few that we have described briefly—you should take the same sort of high school course as a girl who wants to be a medical technologist—the college preparatory course with four years of science and four years of mathematics. It's a good idea to take shorthand and typing, too. This will help you in college, and will be useful later in industry, where typed reports are time-savers for executives.

After high school, the best thing for you to do is to get a college degree with a major in chemistry. There are more than seven hundred colleges in the United States offering the required course. Your high school science teacher or guidance counselor can help you choose one.

Does the idea of a four-year college course present family budget problems? With a good scholastic record in high school, you can try for a scholarship. More than five hundred American colleges and universities offer scholarships to girls interested in science. For a free list of these scholarships, write to the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, Connecticut College, New London, Connecticut. There may also be opportunities for you to work and thus pay part of your college expenses. Often a girl who makes good grades in chemistry as a college freshman may earn her tuition by acting as part-time laboratory assistant during the remainder of her college course.

Should a four-year college course be impossible for you, there may still be opportunities for you to enter this field. If you have completed two years of college science or have had exceptionally high marks in four years of high school science, you might be able to get a job as an assistant to a more experienced, college-trained laboratory worker. You might even be able to work up to

being in sole charge of a cubbyhole laboratory in a small yet interesting industry.

Salaries for industrial laboratory workers range from \$2,400 to \$3,000 per year. A girl who becomes head of a department or attains some other very responsible position, through taking night classes and getting an advanced degree, may earn as much as \$4,500 per year or more.

When you are considering a career as a laboratory girl, remember that the United States government employs many girls in its laboratories.

The Bureau of Home Economics, a branch of the Department of Agriculture, has the largest staff of women laboratory technicians of any government agency. Girls there are busy testing such things as the vitamin content of dried foods, the wearing qualities of new synthetic textiles and plastics, and the efficiency of household appliances.

The United States Public Health Service employs laboratory technicians in testing milk and water, and in fighting tuberculosis and other contagious diseases. In the field of atomic research, there are also opportunities for qualified chemists and physicists. Many medical technologists and technicians are employed in government hospitals.

To be eligible for the Civil Service examination which is required for even the simplest government laboratory jobs, you must have from thirty to sixty hours of college science. The beginning salary is \$2,200 per year and increases through regular grades to as much as \$3,800. With a college degree in science you can begin as a junior professional assistant. This level of work means greater responsibility, and the beginning salary is \$3,100. How far you go in a professional laboratory job in the government is up to you. A few top women scientists, with special ability and years of experience, make as much as \$10,000 a year.

So if you have that burning interest in science and mathematics which marks the born laboratory worker, start now to get the necessary training, and be ready for one of the many interesting jobs that are open to laboratory girls.

THE END

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 IN CASH PRIZES!**



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No Experience Needed; Everyone Buys!

All your friends send Christmas Cards. Your teachers, your neighbors, the business and professional people in your community do, too. They'll buy from you if you show Artistic's beautiful, big value Christmas Folders. Quick \$1 sales pay you up to 50c cash profit. Sell just 100 boxes and \$50.00 is yours! Hundreds of others have done this—so can you!

Win Prize Money, Too—Act At Once

In addition, you have a chance to win so much more by entering our \$2,500.00 CASH PRIZE CONTEST. Mail the coupon now for Sample Assortments on approval, FREE Imprint Samples and contest entry blank. Contest ends October 31, 1951. So don't delay—**ACT TODAY!**

21-Card
 PREMIUM All-Occasion
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**FIRST PRIZE
 \$1,250.00**

2nd Prize \$500

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**Fourteen 6th
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 363 Way St., Elmira, New York

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Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... Zone..... State.....

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.

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Of course you do.
You'll love the delicious taste
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